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SIXPENCE

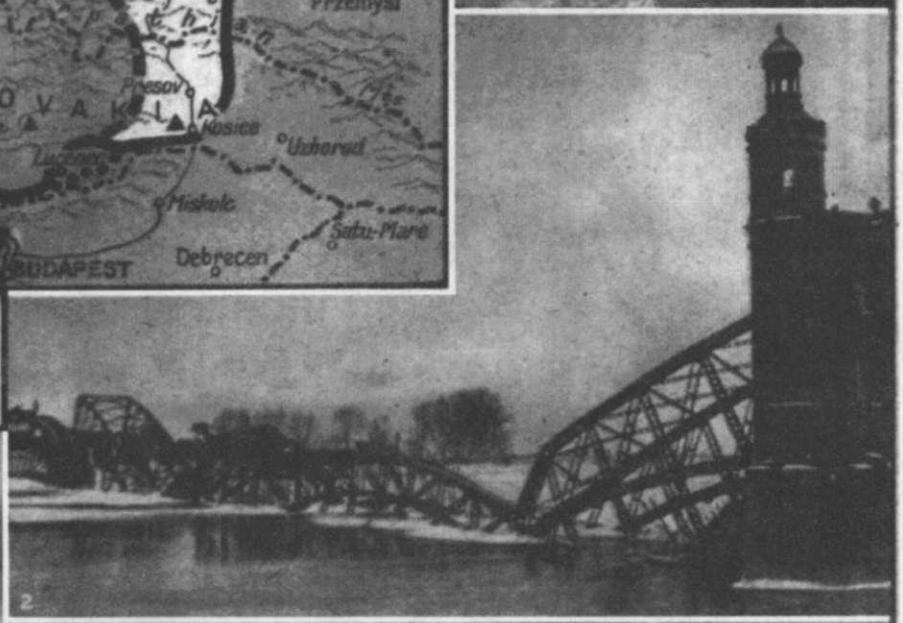
Edited by Sir John Hammerton

FEBRUARY 16, 1945

ASKARI WARRIOR OF THE SUDAN DEFENCE FORCC, he patrols the Abyssinian border country. These native troops—100 per cent equatorial Africans—are under the command of 22-year-old Bimbashi (Captain) J. T. Weekes, of Sussex, whose nearest white neighbour is 250 miles distant by road. S.D.F. units collaborated with General Platt's forces in the liberation of Abyssinia (see page 675, Vol. 7). At Debra Marcos, in 1941, a unit of only 300 successfully held at bay a force of 12,000 Italians. *Photo, British Official*

Soviet Hosts March on Main Roads to Berlin

SIX MIGHTY RUSSIAN ARMIES made stupendous advances on a 600-mile front in January 1945. The map shows the area covered from January 12 to 19 (in dark grey), and from January 19 to 26 (in white). By February 5 Marshal Zhukov was within 40 miles of Berlin, on the main roads.



GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE RED ARMY in Czechoslovakia (1). In their headlong retreat the enemy destroyed whatever they could lay their hands on: they blew up this bridge (2) near Tilsit, and set Pultusk (3), near Warsaw, ablaze. A rooftop view of Tilsit (4) after its fall on January 20, 1945: smoke in the background is from a large petrol dump. Supplementing the Soviet advance, over 1,000 Allied heavy bombers on February 3 gave the Reich capital its heaviest raid.

Photos, U.S.S.R. Official, Planet News, Pictorial Press. Map, Evening News

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

THE success of the Russian offensive has evidently been the result of brilliant strategical planning and wonderfully efficient administrative organization. The timing of the blow appears on the whole to have been as skilful as we have learnt to expect in Russian operations. It may have seemed to many of us that by launching the offensive so late there was a risk that the period of frozen ground might prove to be too short to allow of full exploitation of success. But the speed with which the offensive has developed goes far to prove that the date was well chosen.

I think we may safely assume that the date was deliberately fixed to provide the greatest opportunity of developing speed, and the whole execution of the plan has shown how speed has been used to dislocate the German defensive arrangements. The timing of the main blow has also evidently been skilfully co-ordinated with the progress of operations in Hungary which had attracted important elements of the German reserve, and with those of Cherniakhovsky on the other flank which had already pinned down a strong German force in East Prussia. The speed with which the offensive has developed and the comparatively small number of prisoners claimed in its earlier stages has given rise to a belief that the Germans were not holding the Vistula line in strength and that they carried out a deliberately planned withdrawal. No doubt the Germans, if only as a matter of Staff routine, would have prepared plans for retreat in case their front on the river line was broken, but I find it hard to believe that they voluntarily weakened the Vistula defences in anticipation of the Russian onslaught; for it would obviously be dangerous to fight the decisive battle, in less strong positions, in close proximity to a region as important as Silesia.

REFUGEES Streaming Westward Hinder the Regrouping of German Forces

Furthermore, it is obvious that, if the main defence position was close to the Silesian frontier, East Prussia, where there was no possibility of carrying out elastic defence without abandoning German territory, would become a dangerously exposed salient. The only arguments in favour of such a course would be, on the one hand, that German communications would be shortened and improved and that the network of Silesian railways would facilitate the movements of reserves to threatened points or for counter-attack; and, on the other, that the Russians by the time they reached the frontier might have exhausted some of their strength in overcoming delaying resistance and would be operating at the end of long and indifferent communications.

WHATEVER the German plans may have been, they have manifestly broken down under the speed and power of the Russian steamroller. The Vistula line, whether held weakly or in strength, has been broken, and if the withdrawal from it was deliberate it is admitted by the Germans that many detachments did not make good their escape. Moreover, it is clear that neither Koniev's nor Zhukov's Armies have encountered well-organized and properly manned defences as they approached the German frontier. In places resistance has been determined, but apparently it has generally been offered by troops, sometimes of second-class quality, hurriedly rushed into position; and reserves do not appear to have been suitably located to intervene quickly and effectively. German commentators suggest that reserves are being regrouped for a maior counterstroke, but even assuming that they exist in adequate numbers their regrouping before the front is stabilized will be a difficult matter, probably made more difficult by the streams of refugees flowing westward.

Up to the time of writing there are few signs of the front becoming stabilized, but of course there is the possibility that the Russians may outrun their supplies and that the offensive will lose its momentum. The Germans evidently hoped that this would occur before the frontier was crossed, relying on the resistance of detachments which the Russians had overshot to block the main avenues of communication. So far there are no indications that this has happened, and the Germans are complaining that with the ground frozen the Russians have been able to by-pass such centres of resistance as still exist (many of them have probably been mopped up, judging from the rise in Russian claims at the end of the first fortnight).

THERE remains, however, the question of the lengthening distance of the front from the Russian bases. That, undoubtedly, may compel the Russians to pause, especially if and when they encounter solid resistance. But I think that any pause that may occur will be of short duration. It is safe to assume that the Russian commanders have taken every possible step to enable them to sustain the impetus of their advance. They have the advantage of a wide base on the Vistula with each Army Group operating from its own sector; and, in hard weather, there must be numerous routes leading forward.

It is interesting to compare the situation with that on the Western Front after the break-out from Normandy. In that case the Allies, up to the reopening of Antwerp, were operating from a single restricted base and by few roads. Moreover, before they were brought to a halt by increasing German resistance and by supply difficulties, they had traversed at least twice the distance the Russians have had to go before reaching the German frontier—in East Prussia and in the attack on Southern Silesia the distances were actually much shorter.

I have seen it argued that the loss of East Prussia, since it is a non-industrialized Province, would not materially weaken Germany; and that although Silesia contains vital war industries its loss would have long-term rather than immediate effects. Both these contentions are, I think, unduly cautious. Admittedly, East Prussia as a territorial objective is not of much importance except that it might provide a base for a counter-offensive against the flank of the main Russian offensive. But obviously the target there is the strong German Army, largely composed of first-line troops committed to the defence of the Province, and probably maintained at strength with a view to counter-offensive action although sentimental considerations may also have dictated the size of the force committed. Whether that army is ultimately annihilated or not it is quite clear that it has now been securely bottled up.

OUT-MANOEUVRED Wehrmacht's Expenditure of Slim Reserves

As regards Silesia, it may be true that the loss of its products will not immediately affect German power of resistance, but its loss must convince many Germans that the war cannot be indefinitely prolonged, more especially as the output of the Ruhr and Saar has been greatly reduced by the air offensive. Furthermore, the losses of men and material suffered in defence of Silesia are bound to have a crippling effect.

On the whole I see no reason for underestimating the achievements of the Russian offensive or for believing that it will be brought to a halt before it can achieve even greater—possibly decisive—results. Undoubtedly the Germans still possess a strong and on the whole a well-equipped army which might still for a time offer stubborn resistance if it was considered that anything would be gained to compensate for the loss of life and destruction involved. The dispositions of the army have, however, been so completely dislocated that there seems no possibility that it could stage a counter-stroke that, at best, could achieve more than limited success.

The persistent counter-attacks delivered against Tolbukhin's Army in Hungary have at last been abandoned after a wasteful expenditure of reserves, which proves how completely the Wehrmacht has been outmanoeuvred. The relief of Buda, their chief object, has not been achieved and their limited success can in no way affect the main issue. Von Rundstedt's counter-offensive similarly has proved to have been little more than a waste of reserve power—possibly to a disastrous extent. I can well believe the rumours that the German Army commanders, as far as they dare, are advising Hitler that it is time to throw up the sponge.

Army-Gen. CHERNIAKHOVSKY 3rd White Russian Front — **Marshal K. K. ROKOSSOVSKY** 2nd White Russian Front — **Marshal I. S. KONIEV** 1st Ukrainian Front

Marshal Gregory ZHUKOV 1st White Russian Front — **Army-Gen. I. F. PETROV** 4th Ukrainian Front — **Marshal R. Y. MALINOVSKY** 2nd Ukrainian Front

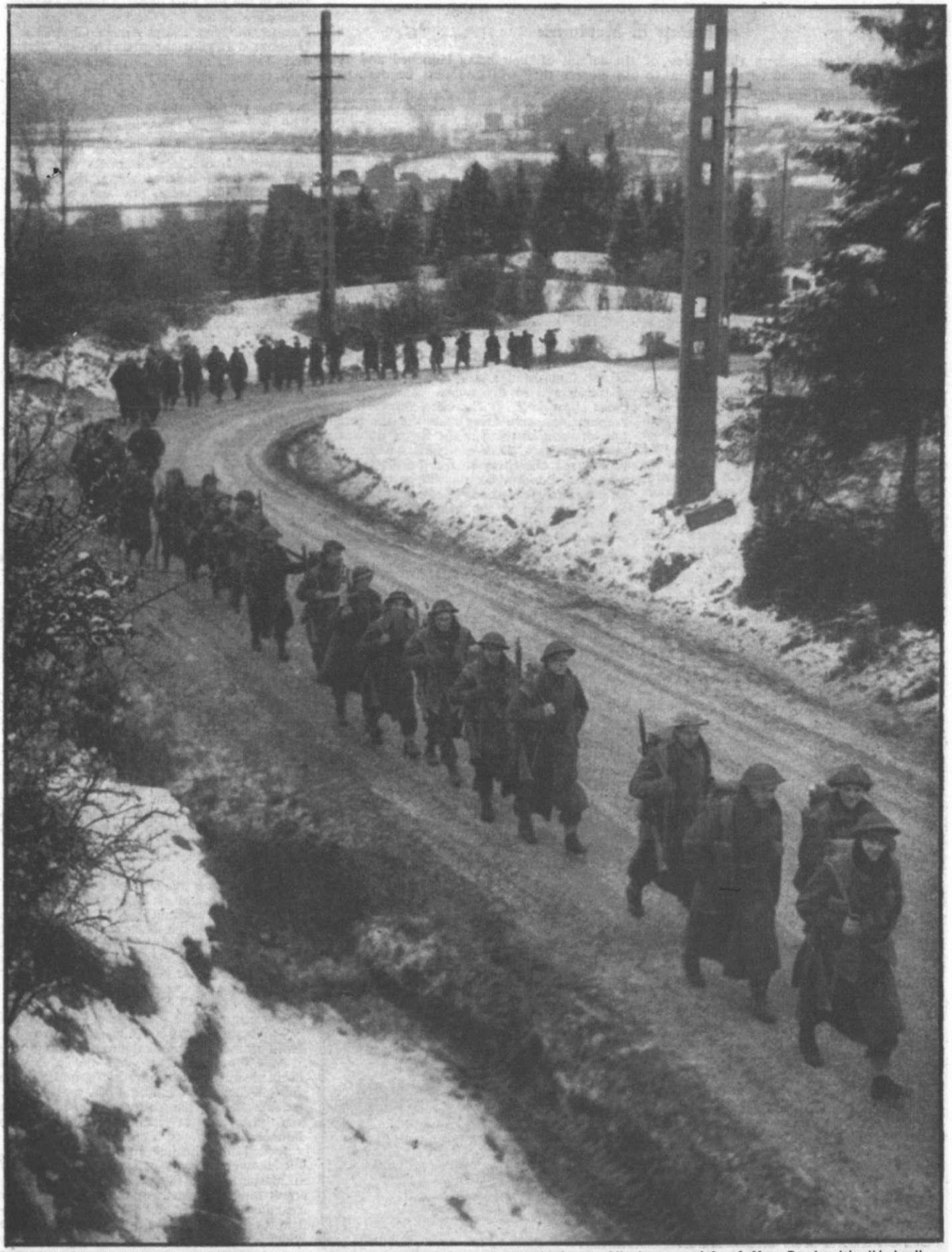
Photos, U.S.S.R. Official. Pictorial Press

Flame-Throwers Support Our Advance in Belgium

HEAVILY ENGAGED IN THE SITTARD SECTOR, in Belgium, British infantry, in open order, crossed the snow-blanketed fields (1) near Heinsberg (captured January 24, 1945). A Crocodile flame-thrower is seen (2) supporting our troops approaching the village of St. Joost, which they entered on January 23 after the Crocodiles had done their red-hot and terrifying work (3). Hands-on-head, half-frozen enemy troops surrendered (4) in the Bocket area. See pages 300-301 for full description of British flame-throwers.

Photos, British Official: British Newspaper Pool

Now Rundstedt's Western Drive is Written Off



THROUGH ARDENNES SNOWS British infantry march cheerfully to the battle front. All that was left of Von Rundstedt's "bulge"—against which British troops were flung to stem the tide—was eliminated on January 22-23, 1945, when Wiltz, Nazi "anchor" town in Luxembonrg, fell to Gen. Patton's U.S. 3rd Army, and St. Vith, Belgian key outpost, was taken by Gen. Hodges' U.S. 1st Army. Only the atrocious conditious—deep snow and ice-bound roads—saved the enemy from an annihilating pursuit; as it was, on the few days favourable to flying, his retreating transport was harried and battered by Allied aircraft. See also illus. pages 624-625.

Photo, British Official

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

RUSSIAN progress along the shores of the Baltic threatens very soon to involve the ports of East Prussia, Poland and Pomerania. These, from east to west, include Königsberg, Pillau, Elbing, Danzig, Gdynia, Kolberg, Stettin and Stralsund. While the three first are already invested at the time of writing, and the next two are being approached by the advance guards of the Soviet armies, it is unlikely that the remaining three will be affected until Berlin has been occupied. In these circumstances the Germans are doubtless hastening to remove to harbours farther westward all shipping, including vessels of the Reichsmarine that may be capable of proceeding under their own power. Efforts may also be made to tow away ships incapable of propulsion; though this would be a hazardous proceeding in view of the tempting target offered to aircraft, submarines and torpedo craft by a vessel moving slowly in tow.

So far as is known, the only important ship left in Königsberg is the 10,000 ton cruiser Seydlitz. This ship was launched at Bremen as long ago as January 1939, but for unknown reasons she has never been completed, and it is even doubtful whether her engines are fully installed. Presumably, the concentration of all available shipbuilding resources upon the construction of U-boats and of light surface craft, from destroyers down to motor torpedo boats, has prevented work proceeding on the Seydlitz. She may also have suffered structural damage of a serious nature as the result of the bombing of such harbours as Bremen, Hamburg and Kiel.

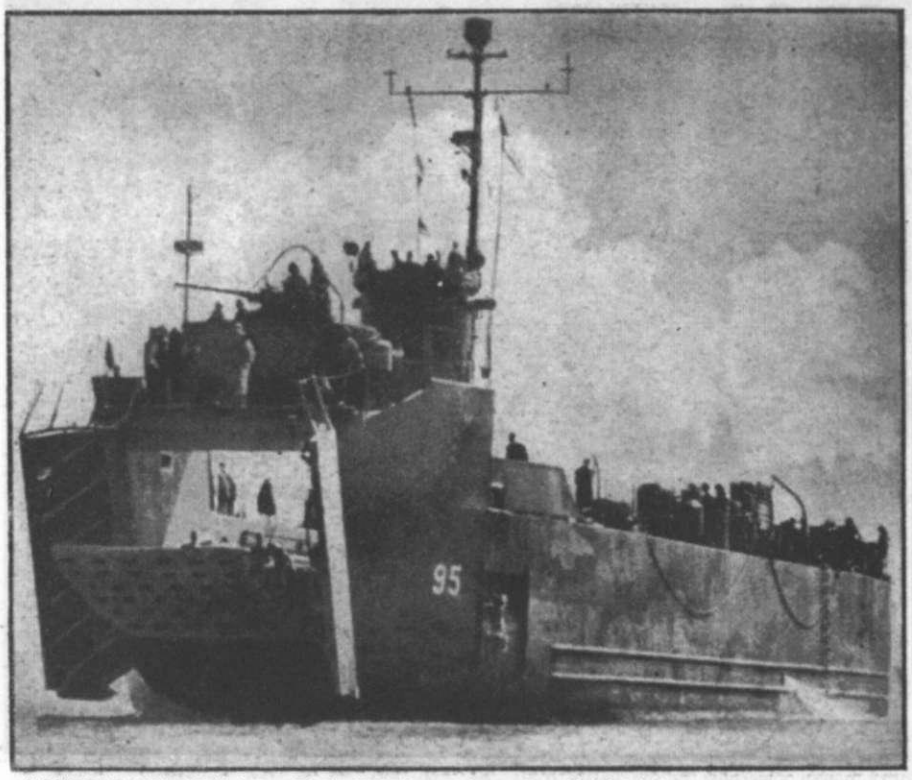
AT Elbing are the shipbuilding yards and engine works of the Schichau concern, which has specialized in the construction of destroyers, though merchant vessels have also been built there. It is estimated that there are probably half-a-dozen new destroyers in various stages of construction here. In default of their being launched and able to escape, they will doubtless be destroyed by the enemy.

At Gdynia there were until recently quite a number of German warships, including the two 10,000-ton cruisers Prinz Eugen and Admiral Hipper and the so-called "pocket battleships" Lützow and Admiral Scheer, as well as the smaller cruiser Leipzig, which had been disabled through collision with the Prinz Eugen. Also, in a complete state of dismantlement, there was the only remaining German battleship, the 26,000-ton Gneisenau. All these ships had been stationed at the former Polish naval base, a spot too remote to be frequently bombed.

SOVIET Baltic Fleet Watching Coastal Waters of N. Germany

Now it may be assumed that the harbour will speedily be emptied, except for the hulk of the Gneisenau and possibly the Leipzig, if she is still in dry dock. Where will all these ships go? It has been reported that preparations were being made for the reception of some of them in the Royal dockyard at Copenhagen, Danish vessels having been transferred elsewhere to free berths for this purpose. Possibly Stettin will be utilized as an intermediate harbour of refuge, but owing to its situation at the head of a long and narrow channel, which could easily be blocked, the port is not altogether desirable for use as a haven in wartime.

In anticipation of such movements of warships and merchant vessels from east to west, submarines, motor torpedo boats and aircraft of the Soviet Baltic Fleet are reported to be keeping the coastal waters of North Germany under close observation. There has been no sign of any activity from the heavier ships of the Russian Navy, however; this is probably owing to the existence of German minefields.



"PUDDLE JUMPER," they call it in U.S. Army slang; its official title is "powerful landing ship, medium," and it is seen disgorging its cargo somewhere in the Philippines. The U.S. 8th Army—in action for the first time—added to the Luzon landings on January 29, 1945, by a successful invasion just north of Bataan. *Photo, Associated Press*

A forgotten fleet of which the fate was in doubt has just come into the news again. In 1939 there was a substantial French naval force in the Far East under Admiral Découx, consisting of the 7,249-ton cruiser Lamotte-Picquet, the large sloops Amiral Charner and Dumont d'Urville, the patrol vessels Marne and Tahure, and six or seven gunboats, with various subsidiary craft. In January 1941 the first five of these ships were in action with the Siamese Navy in connexion with a boundary dispute, exacerbated by Japan. In this engagement the French ships appear to have suffered little or no damage, but two Siamese torpedo boats were sunk, and two coast defence ships, the Ayuthia and Dhonburi, were put out of action. One if not both had to be beached, and afterwards refitted by the Japanese, who had originally built them.

LITTLE was heard of the French fleet for some time after this, but with the virtual occupation of Indo-China by a Japanese army in the summer of 1941 it was assumed to have passed under enemy control. Admiral Decoux, appointed Governor-General of Indo-China by Vichy, appears to have been ordered to comply with Japanese demands. Apparently the sloop Dumont d'Urville was detached from the station, or else her captain took the initiative and proceeded elsewhere, for according to the latest information she is now operating with the Allied fleets. A gunboat, the Francis-Garnier of 639 tons, also contrived to escape the Japanese net by ascending the Yangtse into the heart of China. She has been presented by France to the Chinese Navy, who have renamed her Fa Ku. Of the remaining ships, the patrol vessel Tahure, of 644 tons, was bombed and sunk off the island of Hainan by United States Army aircraft operating from a Chinese base on April 29, 1944.

INTENSIVE Japanese Air Attacks on Lingayen Gulf Ships

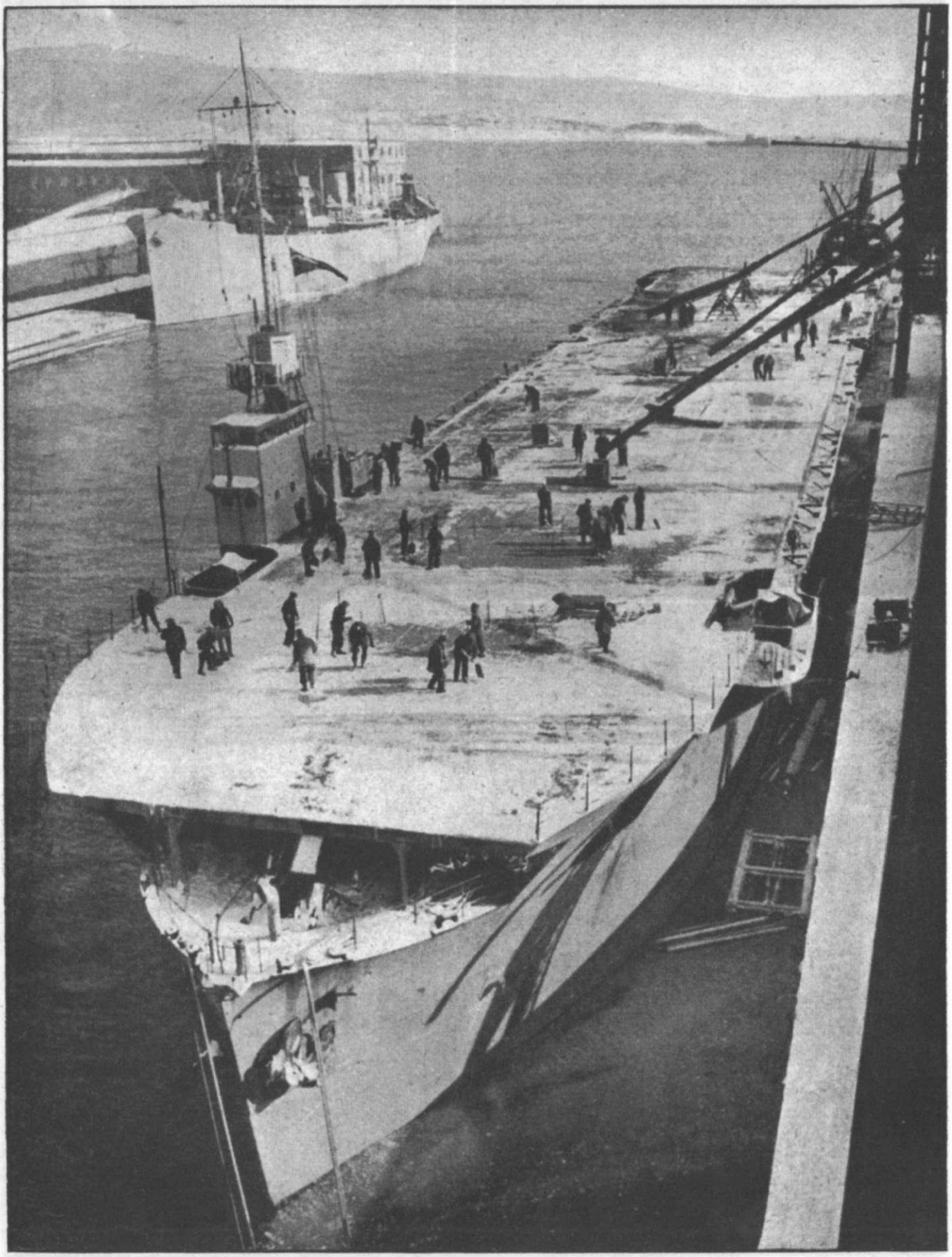
Now comes news that in January 1945, in the course of attacks by United States naval aircraft, on enemy shipping off the coast of Indo-China, the cruiser Lamotte-Picquet was set on fire and sunk. Apparently she was being employed by the Japanese to escort a convoy. One of the Japanese so-called training cruisers of the Katori type, of 5,800 tons, was also destroyed in the course of these operations.

It is disclosed that while covering the landing of American troops in Lingayen Gulf, early in January, a number of casualties were incurred in H.M.A.S. Australia, a 10,000-ton cruiser, and H.M.A.S. Arunta, a destroyer of 1,900 tons. Japanese aircraft appear to have made intensive attacks on these two ships and on H.M.A.S. Shropshire, which escaped without injury. Three officers and 41 ratings of the Australia were reported killed or missing, and one officer and 68 ratings were wounded. In the Arunta seven ratings were wounded, two of whom died from their injuries.

COMMANDER H. B. FARNCOMB, R.A.N., was flying his broad pendant in the Australia. It will be recalled that he relieved Commodore J. A. Collins, R.A.N., when the latter was disabled during an enemy air attack on the ship off Leyte in October 1944. (See illus. p. 584). Neither the Australia nor the Arunta was put out of action, despite bomb damage.

Several fires broke out in the Australia, but damage control parties were successful in mastering the flames, while fresh gun-crews took the places of those who became casualties. It must not be imagined, therefore, that the Japanese are no longer to be taken seriously in the air; even though they are outnumbered and outclassed in the quality of their pilots, their naval airmen are desperate opponents who may be expected to fight to the death whenever encountered.

Grain Ships That Also Carry Aircraft



DUAL-PURPOSE SHIPS in the service of the Allies kill two birds with one stone. With great ingenuity merchantmen have been provided with flight-decks so that they act as escort carriers while continuing to function as grain-vessels; here one is being loaded up at a Canadian port with 7,000 tons of grain, through orifices in the flight-deck. The latter is only 380 feet long, but Swordfish torpedo-bombers of the Fleet Air Arm can take-off and touch-down on it with ease. *Photo, Keystone*

Home Fleet Action Destroys Nazi Norway Convoy

DAZZLING FLASH FROM H.M.S. NORFOLK'S 8-in. GUNS stabbed the darkness (1) off the Norwegian coast, south of Stavanger, on January 11, 1945, when an enemy convoy was almost completely wiped out by ships of the Home Fleet, including the cruisers Norfolk and Bellona. After the action, in which our ships were engaged by shore batteries and aircraft, gunners of the Norfolk piped down among empty shell-cases on deck (2). H.M.S. Bellona (3) homeward bound.

Photos, British Official

How Master-Bombers Control the Aerial Fleets

Directing our bombing by radio code, the fighting "master of ceremonies" has perhaps the toughest task of all. He stays over the target the longest, endures to the full the worst of which the enemy is capable and, to complete his mission, must remain unflurried and coldly calculating to the very end. What manner of men these are is revealed by MARK PRIESTLEY.

I HAVE just visited a R.A.F. school in England where ace officers of Bomber Command—men of the stamp of Squadron-Leader Maurice Pettit, D.F.C., and Flight-Lieutenant John Hewitt, D.F.C.—are being trained in the new technique of master-bombing. Over lonely moors and wasteland I have seen complete raids held in rehearsal—raids that Germany will experience in reality—from the arrival of the pathfinders and the dropping of target indicators to the final run-in of the bombers.

Over the range in their Lancasters and Halifaxes go the master-bombers, learning their technique. They check whether the markers have fallen on the bull's-eye, they make dummy runs, weaving through imagined flak and other defences, and give repeated instructions over the radio-telephone, telling their main force how to attack.

Who are these master-bombers? They are the men who now actually direct and control every air raid on enemy territory. They control the great attacking fleets of bombers while over the target in much the same way as a naval flagship controls its warships during an engagement.

A MASTER-BOMBER'S responsibility is much like that of a commander in the field. In an attack on a German industrial city, he ensures that the incendiaries are evenly distributed over the whole area and thus cause maximum destruction. When bombs demolish a factory, he makes sure that bombs to be delivered a few seconds later do not waste themselves on the same building. Over the battle lines, in attacks made in close support of the Army, it is the master-bomber's job to see that all missiles fall ahead of the bombing line.

The dense concentration of attack that obliterates targets such as the strongly fortified towns of Duren and Julich is directly due to the supervision of a master-bomber. Thanks to this fighting master of ceremonies, raiding forces of two or three hundred

THE TARGET INDICATOR makes a vast patch of light during a raid by R.A.F. Lancasters, on January 1, 1945, on the oft-drained Dortmund-Ems canal, thus marking the position for the following attacking aircraft
Photo, British Official

Group-Captain J. SEARBY, D.S.O., D.F.C. personally directed many important R.A.F. raids on enemy targets by means of the "Master-Bomber" technique described in this page. *Photo, New York Times Photos*

planes are achieving as much as a thousand bombers were doing not long ago.

It was Group-Captain Jack Searby, D.S.O., D.F.C., who decisively proved the value of master-bombing tactics in the first big raid on Turin in 1943. He was on the scene that night ahead of the pathfinders. As they arrived to drop their sky markers, he double-checked them. Some markers fell in the wrong place. Then in simple code words he told the following pathfinder crews to overshoot or undershoot with the next marker. When the bombers arrived, dead on time, it was to hear Group-Captain Searby's confident tones adding encouragement to their final instructions.

SCARCELY a week later he was there again, directing the main force to distribute its bombs equally between three aiming points, almost counting the bombs. In all, he made eight runs over the target in the course of the fifty-minute attack. Results were so satisfactory that when three aiming points had to be attacked at Peenemunde, Hitler's secret weapon centre, it was decided that the main force would again have to be controlled by one mind.

That is how Wing-Commander Geoffrey Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O. (two bars), came back into operations. He had already scored nearly a century of attacks over Germany, Italy and occupied Europe. He was already accustomed to "target hovering," for he had been picked for the first observer-reporter tactics over Mainz, when the first bomber crews in dropped their loads and then circled the target for the remaining forty-five minutes of the raid. One of the few men to have the distinction of a second bar to his D.S.O., courageous and always cheerful, he became a natural master-bomber, and adapted this technique to the tactical bombing which speeded the way of the D-Day invasion (see illus. p. 599).

The majority of master-bombers are drawn from the most experienced pilots in the Pathfinder Force, men who have proved themselves by bringing back numerous photographs of the aiming point in dozens of German cities. But they have to face still sterner tests before they are allowed to control an attack over an enemy target.

A fleet of bombers set out one rainy day not long ago to deliver their loads on an industrial target in eastern Holland. The weather rapidly deteriorated while they were crossing the North Sea and the master-bomber called off the attack and wheeled his boys for home rather than endanger civilian lives by inaccurate bombing. Such decisions are entirely his to take. At one time, unless precise instructions were given at briefing, it was left to each individual pilot to determine the height of his bombing run. Now it is the master-bomber's duty to observe weather and cloud conditions and decide from what level the main attack shall be made.

SOMETIMES the master-bomber has failed to return. Wing-Commander G. P. Gibson, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., was leading a main force in Sep., 1944, and flying far below the bombers, giving instructions to the massing Lancasters, when his calm, easy voice suddenly ceased The deputy master-bomber immediately took over. There is even a deputy to a deputy, although, fortunately, his services are seldom needed (see page 508).

One night when Lancasters and Halifaxes were attacking a marshalling yard, every bomber heard a quiet voice over the radio saying, "Close bomb doors and return home." Nobody paid any attention, and the attack proceeded to its successful end. The slightly foreign voice did not pass muster. It was an attempt by the enemy to interfere with our tactical method. Even if the master that night had not been a Canadian, other factors would have prevented the German fake "master" from getting away with it.

With practice, master-bombing has reached an amazing pitch of efficiency reflected in our diminishing bomber losses. Wing-Commander Jimmy Tait, master-bomber on the Tirpitz attack (see illus. page 477), has been called "the man who never makes a mistake." As a 14-year-old schoolboy, he made up his mind to be an airman—and 14 years later he was a master-bomber with the coveted D.S.O. (three bars) and D.F.C. Veteran of attacks on the Dortmund-Ems Canal, he led a taxi force on October 17, 1944, against the Kembs barrage. It was a completely successful raid despite the flak that was tearing the sky. Another flyer on the raid told me that with Tait so calm he didn't give a thought to the shell-bursts. When they reached base the pilots found the master-bomber's plane had been hit early in the action and had been wobbling all over the sky.

THEN there is Wing-Commander George Curry, D.S.O., D.F.C., the boy who was at his North-country enlisting station in 1939 and has come unscathed through scores of raids. He has had his plane shot up many times, never with any effect on his ice-cold judgement. There is Wing-Commander Tom Bingham-Hall, D.S.O., D.F.C., who a few weeks back headed one of the toughest attacks ever made on the Ruhr in broad daylight. As he zoomed again and again to check the target indicators his plane was holed like the proverbial colander. A few days later he was detailed to control the attack on another vital target in North-West Germany. This time his plane had an engine knocked right out, and the aircraft was cut almost in two. "Get ready to take over, just in case!" Wing-Commander Bingham-Hall told his deputy. He carried on with his task—and successfully completed it.

Strange Truce Outside Beleaguered St. Nazaire

EVACUATING 13,000 civilians from the closely invested St. Nazaire area on January 17, 1945, Allied and German officers standing side by side watched the torn-up railway track outside the great French Atlantic port being repaired (1) in readiness for the first "mercy train."

A German soldier, waving a white flag, halted the train for inspection (2); it was thoroughly searched before being permitted to steam into St. Nazaire, drawn by a locomotive name-plated "Laval." The German delegation negotiating the seven-days' truce, which began the following day, was headed by medical officer Captain D. Mueller (3 centre), surrounded by American and French officers and an official of the International Red Cross. Only passengers carried on the train's inward journey were two French Red Cross nurses, one of whom (4) received final instructions from a U.S. officer, German soldiers looking on. St. Nazaire had been besieged since August 6, 1944; the German garrison was said to number over 35,000.

Photos, Keystone

Business as Usual in Threatened Strasbourg

CAPITAL OF ALSACE was menaced when the enemy, ferrying forces across the Rhine, approached Gen. Patch's U.S. 7th Army and Gen. de Lattre de Tassigny's French 1st Army (reported on January 7, 1945). Many of the city's 200,000 population were evacuated; otherwise life went on much as usual.

In the Place Kléber—named after Napoleon's Strasbourg-born general—news-thirsty citizens surrounded a newspaper kiosk (1). Favoured by the women (2) were "slacks" tucked in at the ankle. Outside the Bank of France (3) a girl cyclist read French posters ("We shall get 'em. Long live France!") pasted over anti-Soviet slogans stencilled on the walls by the Germans.

When the enemy forces occupied the city in 1941 they renamed the Place Broglie "Adolf Hitler Platz." Now it is as before (4)—called after the Marshal de Broglie, a famous 18th-century governor; here, in 1792, the "Marseillaise" was first sung. (See also illus. pages 308 and 309, Vol. I, and 490, Vol. 8). *Photos, Planet News*

'Josef Stalin' is Russia's New Monster Weapon

THE SOVIETS' MAMMOTH TANK, named after the Premier of the U.S.S.R., made a dramatic debut on General Cherniakhovsky's Polish front in mid-January 1945. The Nazis reported it as completely outclassing their own Royal Tiger (see illus. p. 549), mounting "the biggest tank gun in the world"—a 4·8-in. weapon, as compared with the Royal Tiger's 3·4-in. and the Sherman's 3-in. guns—and weighing nearly 100 tons. Five Stalin tanks in action (above) in Poland. Self-propelled guns (top) in East Prussia.

Photos, Pictorial Press, Planet News

Polish Capital Resounds to the Victory March

AFTER THE RECOVERY OF WARSAW on January 17, 1945, Marshal Zhukov chose soldiers of the 1st Polish Army who, with troops of his 1st White Russian Front, had taken part in the city's liberation, to lead a procession through their capital: they are here seen passing the Church of the Holy Redeemer. Next day the Lublin Provisional Government took up residence. By January 29, Marshal Zhukov had left Warsaw over 200 miles behind and had crossed the frontier of Pomerania, 95 miles from Berlin. See story in page 633.

Photo, Pictorial Press

Channel Islanders Look Daily for Deliverance

To avoid slaughter and destruction, the British Government evacuated the armed forces and thousands of civilians from the Channel Islands in June 1940. The following month the Germans landed and commenced their occupation of territory which has belonged to Great Britain since 1066. The life that friend and foe alike are leading there is revealed by HAROLD A. ALBERT.

NEVER was any ship more eagerly awaited than the S.S. Vega as, towards the close of 1944, she ploughed through wintry gales and fog with her first cargo of food and medical supplies for the German-occupied Channel Islands. A Swedish vessel chartered in Lisbon by the British Red Cross, she carried 1,000 tons of Canadian-packed food parcels and some 5,000 invalid diet supplement parcels, as well as salt, soap, drugs and medicines, and bags of mail from prisoners of war in Germany. And her sponsors can perhaps claim that her truly international errand of mercy was organized in record time.

On December 12, 1944, the Home Secretary announced in the House of Commons, "H.M. Government have decided that it would be right to supplement the rations of the civil population of the islands by sending supplies of medicines, soap and food parcels on the basis of those supplied to prisoners of war. The German Government have now agreed to this procedure, and have granted a safe conduct to the ship." Although held up by bad weather, barely a fortnight later the Vega dropped anchor in the harbour of St. Peter Port, the capital of Guernsey, and Colonel Iselin, the Swiss Red Cross delegate, stepped down the gangway.

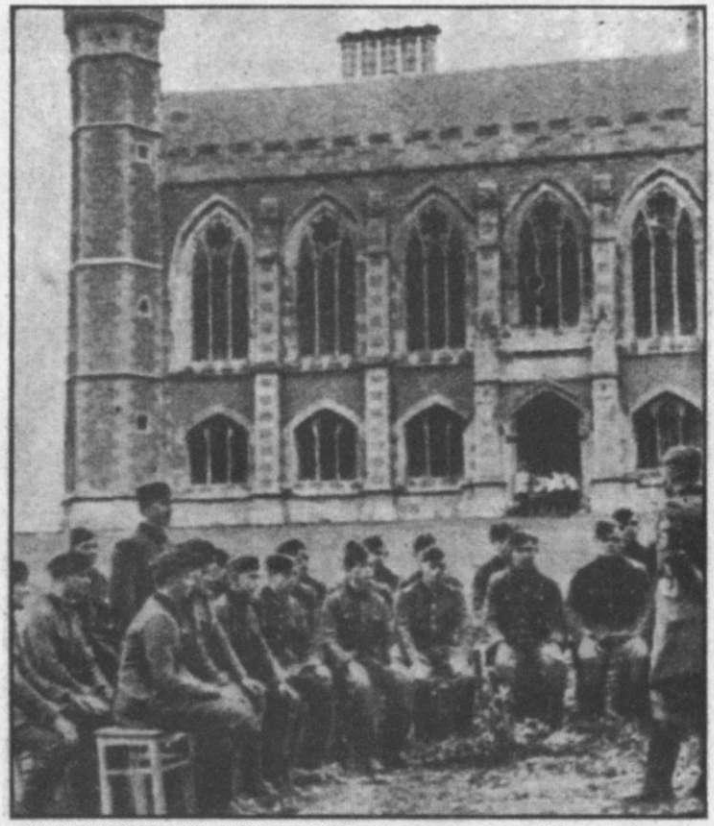
IT was the first link the Islanders had with the friendly outside world since the fall of France. Since July 1940 they have lived under the yoke of the swastika, enduring German rule, starving, suffering; and the arrival of a relief ship must have seemed the first ray of hope in their long ordeal.

Not long ago the General Hospital in St. Helier, the capital of Jersey, had torn up the last of its sheets for bandages, and was reported to have no remaining drugs or anaesthetics of any kind. Patients on the operating table had to suffer. Heating difficulties have been so great that doctors have sometimes been unable even to sterilize their instruments, and some patients when gravely ill have counted themselves fortunate in being allowed an extra blanket, or a handful of rice as extra food.

Children are still allowed supplies of watery milk, though this is diminishing, for the Germans are said to be killing off the cows. Rations have shrunk to almost microscopic proportions: 4 lb. of bread per week, 2 oz. of fats, a few potatoes, and less than 1 oz. of meat, if and when obtainable. But meat is seldom seen, and bread has become largely bran, sawdust, and potato. There is no sugar ration, and tea and coffee are unknown. Horses have vanished—slaughtered to make sausages. Cabbages form the staple diet, and seed potatoes, eked out with syrup made from sugar-beet.

The shortage of soap—reduced to a tiny tablet of fats, sand and bone-meal, issued every three months—has led to an outbreak of skin diseases. Diphtheria and influenza have ravaged the Islands. To compensate for the lack of salt, filtered sea-water is peddled round the streets in little carts and sold at 2d. a gallon, for cooking vegetables and making bread. There are, of course, no tinned foods, few matches or candles, no jam, and no cheese.

In both Jersey and Guernsey the electric current is cut off for six hours a day, there is no gas, and only the Germans have coal or coke. A weekly ration of 10 lb. of wood is allowed to householders, but the merest twigs count as weight; and a boy who picks up a piece of wood can be heavily fined for stealing fuel. With paper and writing materials at a premium and bicycles laid up for lack of tires, with no new clothes and scanty repairing materials, one wonders how any semblance of normal life can be carried on. Even the coinage has practically disappeared as a result of pennies and shillings being greedily pocketed by German troops and sent home by them as souvenirs.



NAZI TROOPS IN ONE OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS, at a lecture outside the school taken over as a billet. Life was easier for them when this photograph was taken. Much less spick-and-span and soldierly in appearance are they now, for the garrisons have been isolated since August 1944, and occupying troops and civilians are all in "the same boat."
Photo, Keystone

THIRTY thousand women and children, and men of military age, were evacuated from the Islands by the British Government in June 1940, but 60,000 civilians remained, and the armed forces were withdrawn to England. Then, on June 28, in spite of the demilitarization, the Nazis bombed and machine-gunned Jersey and Guernsey, and on July 1 enemy troops were landed by air. The local States, as the parliaments are known, immediately put into action a scheme of compulsory labour to produce every possible ounce of foodstuffs from the rich island earth, and the Germans at first made little attempt to interfere with local government. Occasional extra supplies—cigarettes and cheese, shirts at 35s. apiece and shoddy frocks at £20—filtered in, together with saccharin and coffee, from the French mainland.

The towns were placarded with posters showing German soldiers smiling at children. The local newspapers had immediately become Nazi-controlled and gave their own distorted views and news. Until the paper shortage grew too severe, William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw) ran columns of his own in the Guernsey Star and Evening Press. When the Gestapo arrived, all non-native-born British subjects were deported to Germany. Nearly all the Guernsey police force, in addition, was deported on a charge of stealing German supplies. Thus to the "lovely gardens of the sea" came the horrors of occupation. Thousands of extra troops were drafted in to supplement the garrison of occupation and maintain sterner watch on civilians. With them came regiments of labour slaves entitled to draw extra rations from the already slender island stocks. The remaining children were compelled to go to school to learn German and study the "glories" of German history. Radio sets were confiscated, save the concealed sets the Gestapo never found, but nightly showers of leaflets dropped from aeroplanes soon renewed longed-for news from London.

EVEN in the worst days the Islanders never lost hope. They stripped themselves to ensure that deportees to Germany went provided with clothing and food. They organized classes and concerts to help pass the waiting years; Guernsey amateurs even produced Rio Rita and The Desert Song with the aid of a moth-eaten store of carnival costumes. But when Feldkommandant Knackfuss ordered a command performance, the performers forgot their words and the musicians played the wrong notes. "Our hands were cold," they said.

On the Islands, as I write, there remains a German garrison estimated to number about 35,000; they were cut off from the mainland when the Americans stormed St. Malo last August. And, ironically, they share now with the civilians the hardships and misery which the Nazi occupation helped to bring about. The clothing of officers and men, like that of the civilians, is tattered and worn thin. But the Islands are not besieged. They are of no military importance; they have been by-passed in the war. In early Feb. 1945 it was Jersey's turn to welcome the Vega—with salt, medical supplies, boot-repairing materials, and oil for harbour cranes.

There is a typical British "bobby" in St. Helier who used to be much pestered by German newsreel men anxious to impress Berlin cinema audiences with the fact that the Germans were indeed on British soil. Now there are no German cameramen. There is no more German traffic to direct. That same policeman patrols past empty shops and shuttered boarding houses, and into his belt he has tucked a pair of natty white gloves. And you and I and Feldkommandant Knackfuss know that it will not be long before he wears them!

Photos, New York Times, Associated Press

Above the Bhamo Wreckage a Burmese Idol Looms

On the line of advance down Burma from the north the Japanese stronghold of Bhamo was stormed on Dec. 16, 1944, after a month's siege, by troops of Maj.-Gen. Li Hung's 38th Division, part of the 1st Chinese Army in Lieut.-Gen. Dan Sultan's northern combat area command. On its way to take part in this reopening of the Burma Road, a light tank manned by Chinese (top) rumbles past peasant ox-carts. Through the remnants of the conquered town the storm-troops file (bottom).

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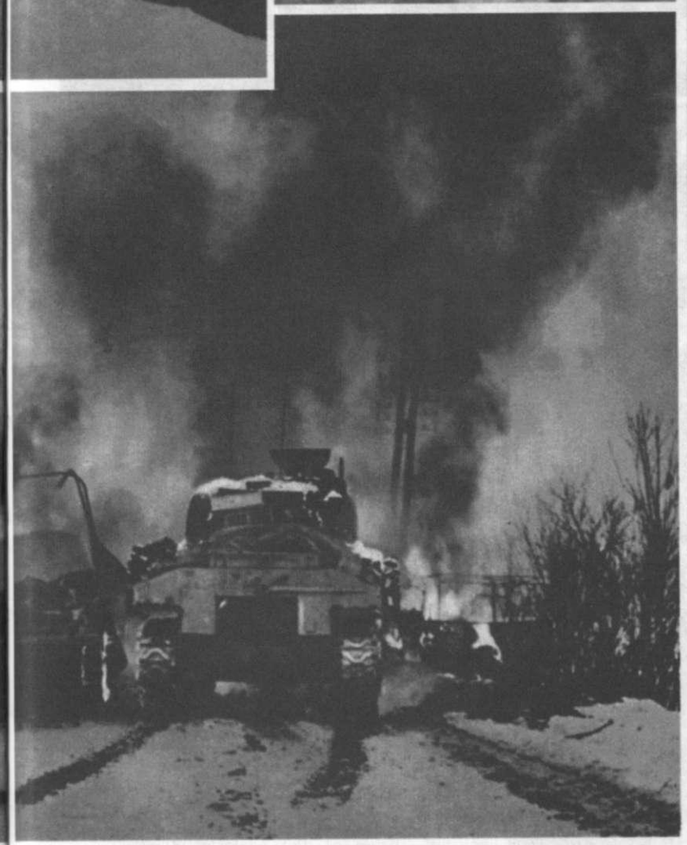

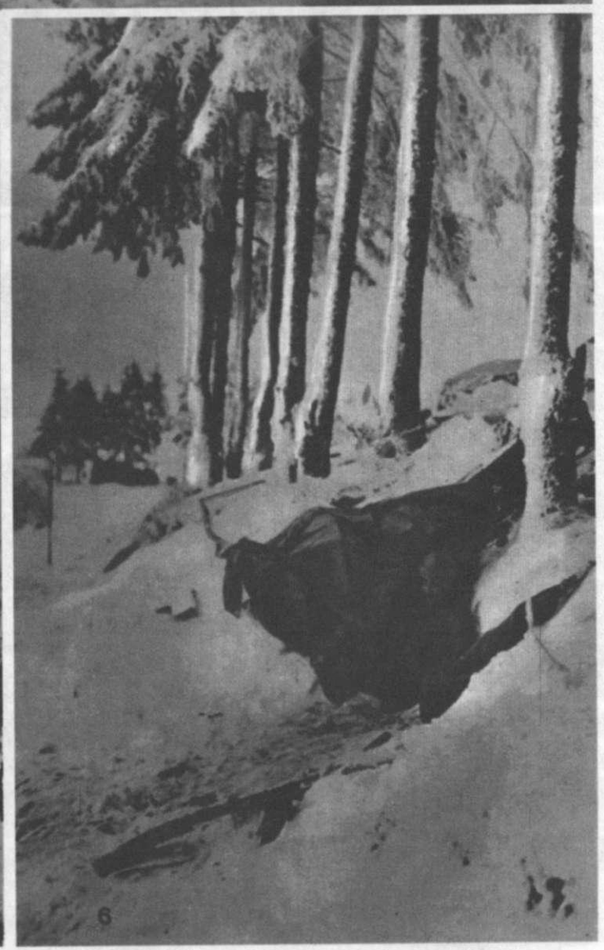
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Holding the Line in Holland and Alsace

Conditions under which men of the British 2nd Army holding the Maas line in Holland were living are typified by this slit-trench (1) in a pine wood, occupied by Cpl. Hall of Newcastle and Cpl. Alder of Kelso. Snow-camouflaged infantrymen (2) dive for cover as a mortar bomb bursts near. On the Strasbourg front (3) a patrol of the U.S. 7th Army, similarly camouflaged against the tell-tale snow, file cautiously through Domaniale Forest near Bitche, then dominated by German guns.

Photos, British and U.S. Official, British Newspaper Pool, Planet News

Nature's White Mantle a Tricky Foe to Outwit

Men, weapons and equipment all wrapped in concealing white, a British "Recce" patrol crawls through the snow on German territory (4); from 100 yards away they are invisible. Past a blazing vehicle filled with exploding ammunition at Laroche, in Belgium, a tank grinds its way, driven by Sgt. J. Brown, of Wigan (5), to clear a passage for an ambulance convoy of wounded. From a crude dugout (6) a member of the U.S. 10th Armoured Division emerges for a breath of fresh air.

Mars Men Beat the Jungle in Southward Drive

Photos, Associated Press, Sport & General

A new American battle-group known as the Mars Task Force includes former members of "Merrill's Marauders," famed for exploits in earlier campaigns. Men of this Force, reported on Jan. 24, 1945, to be engaging the Japanese 75 miles north of Lashio on the old Burma Road, are seen (top) crossing a footbridge on their way to Myitkyina, Allied base in Central Burma. Before advancing towards Mandalay, Chinese troops (see page 623) mopped-up in Bhamo (bottom).

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

Land of Dream and Enterprise

A LONG time ago a king of Bohemia who had brought vines from Burgundy and hoped to produce from them vintages as rich and mellow as those he had drunk in France, was disappointed at first with his experiment. Later he was better pleased. He compared the wine to the soul of the Czechs. "It tastes somewhat bitter to begin with," he said. "You have to get used to it. But in the end you rather like it."

The Czechs don't mind that story. Two of them who have written a book entitled Czechoslovakia, Land of Dream and Enterprise (Lindsay Drummond, for the Czechoslovak Ministry of Foreign Affairs Department of Information, 15s.) actually tell it—without comment. Czechs are like a certain sort of Scot; they don't object to being described as having a rough rind covering sound and rich fruit.

THAT certainly is true of the Czechs. Everyone who has been in their country for more than a passing tourist visit will admit it. "They take some knowing," will be the unanimous verdict. But when they do know you, and you have learned to know them, you have to agree that they are a nation worthy of respect and liking, even if they do not inspire immediate affection. As for their energy, it compels admiration.

I have called them a nation. That is not accurate. The Republic of Czechoslovakia includes Slovaks, Moravians and Ruthenes as well. But in the twenty years of its existence as an independent State the Czechs took the lead in everything, and in consequence were not too well liked by the rest. Energetic and competent people are inclined to disregard the protests and prejudices of those who are easy-going and disinclined for changes. The Slovaks are far apart from the Czechs in temperament. They are very largely a shepherd people. They cling to the old ways. They were long under Hungarian domination, and their masters deliberately kept them ignorant and poor. The only way by which a clever boy who wanted to be something other than a small farmer, a tender of sheep, a craftsman or a small trader, could satisfy his ambition was to become Hungarianized.

The discontent of the Slovaks after they had been freed was due mainly to their dislike of anything new—education, for example, though they soon began to understand its value. But they had certain genuine grievances, as had the German part of the population. The latter lived in that Sudetenland we heard so much about during the year or so before this present war broke out. Strangely enough, there is no mention of the Sudeten inhabitants in the book; they do not figure in the index. The authors, Jan Cech and J. E. Mellon, evidently decided it would be better to ignore them. It is pretty safe to foretell that there will not be any Germans in Czechoslovakia when the war is over.

SOME people who know both are thinking that trouble might have been avoided if the Czechs had not been so masterful and had allowed their fellow-citizens of German origin more participation in the work of government. Hitler would not then have had a pretext for interfering and stirring up the Sudetenland folk to revolt. But, on the other hand, the Czechs knew that the Germans, who had been top-dogs when Bohemia was under Austrian rule, resented the liberation of the country and were not really loyal to the new State. It would have been prudent to hold out the hand of friendship to them, but such generosity is rare and not quite in the character of the general run of Czechs.

If they had a less "rough rind," they would not be so vigorous and so successful in their undertakings. They were by far the most go-ahead and enterprising of all the populations in the Austrian Empire, which they helped so much to bring down in 1918. "Czechoslovakia's industrial importance can be seen from the fact that no less than 75 per cent of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire's industries was concentrated on her territory." Coal and iron ore abound, so the heavy industries flourished. Among lighter products most of us remember Bohemian glass and Pilsner beer, and more recently Bata shoes. Paper, china, leather goods, gloves, furniture, chemicals, and textiles on a vast scale were other products of Bohemia, while in late years the Moravian capital Brno (formerly Brunn) became known as "the Manchester of Czechoslovakia" because of its manufactures, especially woollen cloth.

BUT you must not think of the Czechs allowing their industry to turn towns and countrysides into hideous factory areas and wildernesses. They will not tolerate any ugliness that is avoidable. There is an illustration in this book of a cement works in Bohemia. In a clear atmosphere the buildings stand out white and gracious; they might pass almost for Greek temples. No more damning contrast between them and the huddle of dirty sheds and iron-roofed erections which mark so many British cement factories, could be imagined.

In this and most other ways the Czechs are among the most "modern" nations. They went ahead of the Russians in proving that the Slav nature is anything but backward and lethargic once it is aroused. They were set a hard task when they came into possession of their country after the First Great War and had to reorganize almost everything. Presidents Masaryk and Benes receive a great deal of the credit for this, and they deserve a great deal; but the rapid recovery in all fields of the national life was due in the main to the qualities of leadership displayed by large numbers of Czechs and to the steady work and communal effort of the mass of the population.

One of the earliest changes concerned the ownership of land. The large estates in the possession of German, Austrian or Hungarian landlords were broken up and divided among small farmers. Nobody was permitted to own more than 625 acres. All who had land above that amount were obliged to sell it at a 1914 valuation. The State bought it, sometimes paying more than the owners could have obtained in the open market, and then sold or leased it to cultivators who farmed in a modest way. Thus one-eighth of the soil of the Republic changed hands in a very short time and agriculture was greatly improved.

IN Slovakia especially there was rejoicing over the freeing of the soil from the Hungarian overlords. They had so long tyrannized over those who worked it with small advantage to themselves. Magyar rule had been particularly oppressive and corrupt. There was no attempt to govern for the benefit of the people. The "magnates" were utterly selfish, for the most part, though exceptions did exist here and there. In Ruthenia there were under Hungarian rule only eighteen elementary schools. Within two years the Republic had more than 500 going, and these were not enough. By the end of fifteen years the Ruthenians had over 1,000 schools of various kinds. They are taking full advantage of them.

I hope education and the opening-up of larger prospects will not too much alter the habits and the outlook of the Ruthenian, Slovak and Moravian populations. I have found travelling among them made a continual delight, not only by the varied and frequently magnificent mountain scenery, but by the kindliness of the people.

I hope, too, the picturesque and sometimes really beautiful costumes the country people wear on Sundays and holidays will not give place, as they have done elsewhere—in Serbia, for instance—to trousers and felt hats and the year-before-last's Paris or Vienna fashions. Efficiency coupled with a preference for having things done decently and in order, and not letting Nature be spoiled, has been the aim of the Republic so far, and will no doubt remain so.

PETROL-DRIVEN PUMPS FOR FIRE-FIGHTING, mounted on trailers, produced by a firm which came to Britain from Czechoslovakia just before the war. In addition to satisfying a considerable proportion of our own requirements, the concern supplied pumps to Malta, the Near East and elsewhere. Photograph reproduced from the book reviewed in this page.

By courtesy of the Czechoslovak Ministry of Foreign Affairs

Little-Known Regions to be Wrested from Japan

For lasting peace to be secured in the Pacific, three remote regions—Formosa, the Pescadores and Korea—must be removed from Japanese control. Even after the defeat of their Nippon "protectors" the problems will not easily be surmounted. Meanwhile, as DONALD COWIE points out, their stragetic importance in the impending campaigns of the South-East Asia and South-West Pacific Commands is paramount. See also pages 342, Vol. 8, and 590, Vol. 7.

FORMOSA, the Pescadores and Korea are to be taken from Japan. That is a declared war-aim of the United States and Britain. Already the naval and air fighting has begun to swirl round Formosa, at least. But what do we know of these remote places? Are they really important, and what will be their strategic significance tomorrow? Korea, for example. Probably there are few who realize that Korea is a land as big as Portugal, with thrice the population, and that it is as wide as Scotland and twice the length, that it was a famous independent kingdom for centuries, and still has an underground freedom movement like any occupied country of Europe.

Consult the map, and look for a rugged peninsula which descends from Manchuria and points like a dagger in the direction of southern Japan. Korea also looks like a potential causeway leading from Japan to Northern China, and thus the unfortunate country was regarded by the expansionist Japanese who extended their "protection" to it in 1910. That was after China and Russia had been thoroughly beaten by the Japanese hereabouts, so that poor Korea, without any local friends, and backward in the kind of civilization that makes for success in modern war, had no option but to accept the inevitable.

Hemmed in and Handicapped

"The Hermit Kingdom" was the ancient name given to Korea, and it explains a great deal. Geography has always kept the country diffident and peace-loving. Hemmed in completely, it has suffered repeated invasions from Chinese, Tartars, and Japanese. Then the configuration of the land—"as plentifully sprinkled with mountains as a ploughed field with ridges," says one old writer—has divided the inhabitants into mutually-exclusive clans, and has hampered the development of material civilization on the modern scale.

Yet the native Koreans, superficially resembling the Chinese in appearance and customs but definitely *not* Chinese, have contrived to retain a spirit of independence. Even the Japanese have never been able to crush this spirit. They had to speak of extending their suzerainty over Korea, not of making the country an integral part of Japan. Outwardly the people are what we would call soft and easy-going, like the Burmans, but underneath they do not yield.

Ports and Harbours Modernized

All this is said because it leads to the future, when we do at last liberate Korea, perhaps using the peninsula as a dagger indeed. The task looks formidable on the map, but will certainly be aided by the disposition of the Koreans themselves. The Japanese have modernized the ports of Gensan on the east, Masanpo on the south, and Mokpo, Chemulpo and Chinampo on the west coast—good harbours—and have built railways linking these towns with the capital, Seoul. They have intensively developed the chief industries of cotton and silk growing, agriculture and salt, and they have exploited mineral deposits about which we know little. But—the Japanese have never conquered the real Korea, which, when suitably aided, may separate them fatally from their armies in Manchuria and China, while giving their liberators an excellent vantage-point from which to take the Japanese homeland in flank. (See map in opposite page.)

So we come—or hope we will come—to Formosa. This is an island as big as ten Trinidads, with a population of aboriginals twice that of New Zealand. It is situated a long way from Korea, right down the Chinese coast south of Shanghai but east of Hong Kong. The map shows how it controls the entrance to the East China Sea, which is, in turn, the road to the Yellow Sea and—Korea.

Therefore, Formosa (otherwise Taiwan) is an obvious war-aim, both for immediate strategic purposes and for helping to secure the Pacific peace afterwards. The intention is that the island shall be restored to China, from whom it was taken by the Japanese as a trophy of the Sino-Japanese War in 1895. It has always belonged to China. But the very primitive inhabitants represent a peculiar stock, and the Chinese never bothered to develop Formosa.

Targets for Invading Forces

Today the island has thriving industries—mining, salt, tobacco, tea, rice, sugar—and a railway from the northern port Keelung via the considerable town Taihoku, the capital, to Tainan and the port of Takow in the south-west; and there are nearly 5,000 miles of roads and several large airports. But all this has been the work of the Japanese, who have really made Formosa an integral part of their country, so that it may not prove an easy conquest for us. Already raided by U.S. and Chinese bombers in 1943, Formosa was heavily attacked by carrier-borne aircraft and Super-Fortresses from China in October 1944, just before the American landing on Leyte in the Philippines, and again in January 1945 during Gen. MacArther's invasion of Luzon.

The island is mountainous and afforested, with a rough coast on the Pacific side, but contains alluvial plains on the China side and in the south which might be the obvious target for invading forces, provided they first secured the Pescadores. The latter are scarcely visible on the map, a group of 48 small islands between Formosa and the China coast. But possibly it can be seen already why they were singled out by Roosevelt, Chiang Kai-shek and Churchill in conference at Cairo, as a main Pacific war aim, along with Korea, Formosa, Manchuria and the Pacific mandated islands. He who holds Formosa can control the entrance to the East China Sea and the paths to Japan and Korea. But the Pescadores (bombed by Liberators in August 1943) provide a series of stepping-stones across the Formosa Strait, between the big island and China. They bear the same strategic relation to Formosa and China as Malta did to Sicily and Tunisia.

APART from that, the islands are primitive, undeveloped, with a population of no more than 60,000 backward peasants and fishermen. They are to be restored to China after the war, as is right, but China never did much for them in the past. (Concerning which it must be remembered that China had more than enough to look after elsewhere, and did not believe in colonial development, anyway.) But the pattern may be plain. There is an amphibious link between China and Formosa—the Pescadores. Formosa itself bestows control of the East China Sea which leads to Shanghai and Korea. Korea is disaffected, vital to the Japanese as a link with Manchuria.

Apart from which, it may be pointed out that all these places could carry bombers to pound Japan at short range: and that another series of islands, the Ryukyu (attacked by a U.S. naval task force in October 1944 and again in January 1945), jump away from Formosa in a north-easterly direction and do not stop till they reach Japan again. Thus it can be imagined with what interest Admiral Mountbatten and Gen. MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz study the charts of these parts.

OFF FORMOSA a smoke-cloud 5,000 feet high obscures a Japanese ship struck by a U.S. warplane of Admiral Halsey's 3rd Pacific Fleet when, on October 11, 1944, over 200 enemy vessels were sunk. Formosa was heavily raided in Jan. 1945 by carrier- and China-based U.S. aircraft, including Super-Fortresses, both before and during General MacArthur's landings at Luzon (Jan. 9), thus severing the enemy's Philippines supply-lines.

Photo, Keystone

Our Zones of Advance in the Western Pacific

FROM THE "BACK DOOR" OF AUSTRALIA—New Guinea—which the Japanese reached in 1942 in the limit of their southward thrusts in the Pacific, the Allies had by mid-January 1945 driven them back to Luzon, northernmost of the Philippines. From bases in China and the Marianas, U.S. Super-Fortresses flew vast distances across the Pacific to bomb war factories at Tokyo, as well as Formosa, Japan's island stronghold off South China. On January 11, 1945, U.S. carrier-borne aircraft of the 3rd Fleet sank 23 enemy ships in an attack on four convoys off Saigon, Indo-China. Most spectacular Allied advances to date have been the Philippine landings at Leyte (October 22, 1944, see page 429); and at Luzon (January 9, 1945, see page 579) by U.S. forces under General MacArthur, C.-in-C. South-West Pacific, assisted by units of the Royal Australian Navy. The formation of a powerful British fleet to operate in the Pacific, under Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, was announced on December 10, 1944.

Admiral Halsey, Commander of the U.S. 3rd Fleet, declared on January 29, 1945, that Japanese control of the South China Sea had been smashed and that Allied warships could operate there at will. The Philippines campaign had virtually isolated Japan proper from areas which she had seized in 1942 and from which she derived much of her war material. See facing page.

By courtesy of The New York Times

Premier Ranges War Fronts in Confident Review

Speaking for one hour and fifty minutes in the House of Commons on Jan. 18, 1945, Mr. Churchill threw light on matters in connexion with the securing and maintenance of a just peace in liberated countries, indicated the trend of the war and gave the world a sober reckoning of sacrifices the United Nations have made. Excerpts from Mr. Churchill's speech are given here.

STATING bluntly that "we have one principle about the liberated countries or the repentant satellite countries," Mr. Churchill described it as:

Government of the people by the people, for the people, set up on the basis of free and universal suffrage, and elections with secrecy of ballot and no intimidation . . . It is not only our aim, it is our interest and it is our only care.

The thorny subject of Greece in her transition throes was given considerable attention, the Premier declaring that of the correctness of our policy there he was sure wise obtained, with a plan to seize the power of the Greek State in Athens once the Germans cleared out and went away.

Whilst food was being distributed and efforts made to restore order, the E.A.M. and Communist Ministers

threw sand in the wheels of the Cabinet at every stage. They did their best to hamper the landing and distribution of food by promoting strikes on some occasions. I am against private armies. We are not going to have private armies . . . However, the "Cease fire" has sounded. The rejoicing people of Athens have once again proclaimed the British troops. At any

FOOTNOTE TO THE PREMIER'S SPEECH is this map showing how the Allies, massing from east, west and south, had closed in on Germany between D-Day (June 6, 1944) and January 25, 1945, when British, U.S. and French armies stood poised near the Rhine and six Russian armies had cut across Poland to isolate East Prussia and threaten the very heart of the Reich.

Map by courtesy of The Daily Herald

in mind and conscience. It was with the approval of the U.S. and Russia and with the invitation of the Greek Government that we had gone there to allay the confusion left by the departure of the Germans.

We came with a small force of troops and took up our positions from no military point of view. We scattered our troops at a number of places—on the coast and at a number of points inland—where we hoped to be able to bring in a large number of supplies to a very hungry people . . . We had made Greece safe for U.N.R.R.A. before the outbreak took place. Meanwhile, over a period of six weeks or so the Greek Government, representative of all parties, was distracted by internal divisions and street demonstrations, and all the time the Communist-directed forces were drawing down from the north and infiltrating into the city of Athens, in which they had also a strong local organization. We had furnished these men over several years with arms in considerable quantities in the hope that they would fight against the Germans. They accepted the arms and kept them and other arms which they had captured or bought from the Germans in their retreat or otherrate, something in the region of 1,500,000 people—men and women—can earn their daily living without fear of being killed in street fighting.

As a result of these events, and also of the complete clearance of the city, which was preceded for several weeks by heavy fighting night and day, the various alphabetical groups have, I have been informed, submitted themselves to the best available leaders, and have subtracted themselves from E.A.M., leaving now only the K.K.E., the Communists, in complete isolation.

GENEROUS praise was accorded our American Allies for their tackling of the Rundstedt incursion into the lines on the Ardennes front, "the greatest American battle of the war." The taking-over by Field-Marshal Montgomery of American Armies at the crucial moment was resolute, wise and militarily correct.

General Eisenhower at once gave the command to the north of the gap to Field-Marshal Montgomery and to the south of the gap to General Omar Bradley. Many other consequential movements were made, and rightly made. Judging from the results, both these highly skilled commanders handled the very large forces at their disposal in a manner which, I think I may say without exaggeration, may become a model for military students in the future. Field-Marshal Montgomery at the earliest moment, acting with extraordinary promptitude, concentrated powerful British reserves on the decisive strategic points, and, having been placed in command, as he was, by General Eisenhower of American forces larger than those he holds from H.M. Government or from the Canadians, larger than those he holds in the 21st Army Group, he fell unceasingly on the enemy on the north and has fought the battle all the time from that part of the assailed front.

Superb and Titanic Events

Reminder of the part being played by the British Commonwealth and Empire in battles on the Continent and in the general war was given in terse facts and figures.

We are maintaining at the present time in the field, and in our garrisons the equivalent of upwards of 100 divisions, apart from the vast Navy and the Air Force and all the rest . . . We are fighting incessantly on three separate fronts—in North-West Europe, in Italy, and in Burma. Of all the troops landed in France the losses sustained in the fighting by the British Empire and United States troops have been very low in proportion to the numbers engaged. Of course, there are over twice as many American troops on the Western Front as there are troops of the British Commonwealth, and we have in fact lost half as many as our American Allies. If you take killed only, the British and Canadians lost a larger proportion than the United States, heavy though the United States losses are.

More likely to shorten this war than to lengthen it was Mr. Churchill's opinion of the Rundstedt attack—apparently designed to throw the Anglo-American Armies out of gear before the onslaught of the Russian Armies from the east.

Marshal Stalin is very punctual. He would rather be before his time than late in the combinations of the Allies. I can't attempt to set limits to the superb and titanic events we are now witnessing or on their reactions in every theatre.

IN the Philippines fighting "we must marvel at the triumphant military strength of the United States." And of that campaign on which we and India have expended such great effort he said:

The advance of the Fourteenth Army in harmony with the Chinese on their north flank has carried the fighting front against the Japanese at some points almost 200 miles forward from Imphal. Now is the time when the fearful fighting of last year is reaping its reward. The stuffing was beaten out of the Japanese troops in the terrible conflicts in which we had very heavy losses—14,000 men at least, British, Indian, and others—and in which far higher toll was taken by disease.

No negotiated peace with "the terrible foe" was emphatically reiterated.

I am quite clear that nothing should induce us to abandon the principle of unconditional surrender or to enter into any form of negotiation with Germany or Japan under whatever guise. Both the President of the United States and I in your name have repeatedly declared that the enforcement of unconditional surrender on the enemy in no wise relieves the victorious Powers of the obligations of humanity and of their duties as civilized and Christian nations.

A word of warning, followed by a hearty profession of supreme confidence, reminded us that

We must keep our eye on the jet-propelled fighter aircraft, on the "V" rockets, and, above all, on the renewed U-boat menace. No doubt there are other dangers, too. But, taking the position as a whole, I have never, at any time, been able to present a more confident statement to the House of the ever-growing might and ascendancy of the United Nations or of the military solidarity of the three great Allies.

From Athens at Last Fades Grievous Turmoil

AFTER FIVE WEEKS of fighting (see pages 523, 537), the signing of a truce (1) between General Scobie, British C.-in-C. in Greece, and delegates of ELAS (left) was announced on Jan. 12, 1945. It came into operation at one minute past midnight on Jan. 14.

During the conflict R.A.F. heavy bombers ferried hundreds of tons of food from Italy to feed the Athenians while General Scobie established an Army unit, run by operational troops, for the issue of 34,000 rations a day. A British military policeman (2) shepherded children to one of the kitchens.

Archbishop Damaskinos, appointed Regent on Dec. 30, 1944, walked to the gates of the Foreign Office to acknowledge the cheers of the crowds after his proclamation, a guard of Evzones presenting arms (3). Men of the newly-formed Greek National Guard (4) marched in single file through the streets. On Jan. 20 it was announced that ELAS had agreed to free all civilian hostages, numbering several thousand. Eight days later 1,025 British prisoners, including 525 R.A.F. personnel, and 700 Greek hostages, after weeks of bitter hardships in the snowbound Greek mountains arrived in Athens. See also facing page.

Photos, British Official

Triumphant Return to the Arakan Port of Akyab

BITTER LOSS TO THE JAPS was the recapture, on January 3, 1945, of the important Arakan coastal town of Akyab, which only a year ago figured as their base from which India was to be conquered. Wing-Commander Bradley R.N.Z.A.F., the town's pre-war Civil Administrator, was garlanded and welcomed back by the inhabitants (1). With its great all-weather airfield, and port capable of berthing 10-000-ton cruisers, Akyab was Burma's most-bombed target; first British bombs fell on it in July 1942, two months after the Japanese occupation. The airfield, serviceable for all types of aircraft, has become "the Croydon of the Arakan."

The ill-supplied Japanese had been withdrawing for some time by sampans, launches and rafts, and the island fell to troops of the 15th Indian Corps, assisted by British Commandos, the Royal Navy and the R.A.F., without a shot being fired. The invasion in progress (2) ; landing craft are moving inshore, while troops wade to the beach. The town and port (3) seen from a R.A.F. plane of Eastern Air Command during the operation. *Photos, British Official*

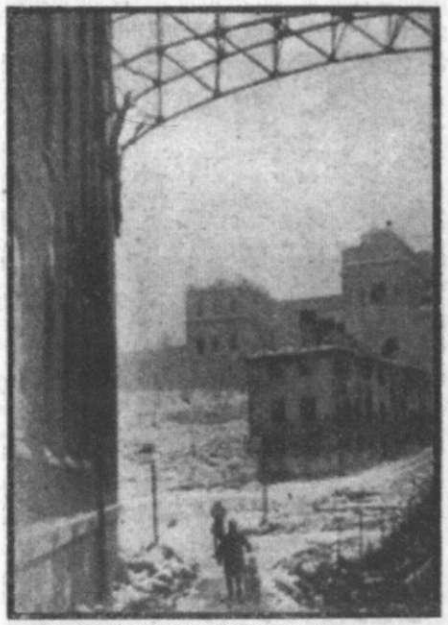
I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Talked to the People of Stricken Warsaw

Every town and village in liberated Poland hung out flags when troops of the Red Army and the 1st Polish Army freed the city of Warsaw, Jan. 17, 1945. Crowds cheered, churches held thanksgiving services. But behind the joy in the Polish capital was grief and desolation, as told by a correspondent with Marshal Zhukov's men. His dispatch is published here by courtesy of Soviet War News. See illus. page 621.

WHEN our soldiers entered Warsaw they found not a single civilian. The wind roared through the empty streets. Then a few hungry families, with nowhere to go, straggled from the debris. Since then thousands of people have returned. Today the city echoes to the westward tramping of Soviet and Polish soldiers, avenging armies. Tanks, guns, lorries and troops are pouring through Warsaw.

And from the west the civilians keep coming back. Their hearts are heavy with anger. Most of their city is gone. They stand dumb with sorrow in the streets. Those who have lost their homes drag oddments from cellars—tattered mattresses, pillows, blankets. They finger them in a desultory kind of way, then go wandering on.



THIS WAS MARKET SQUARE, blown up by the Germans. During the abortive Warsaw rising in August 1944 they wrought destruction with sadistic brutality, methodically reducing street after street to rubble and ashes.

I began talking to a Polish worker, Stanislav Wjechowski. He showed me round the part where he had lived. "There used to be a school here," he said, pointing to an anonymous chaos of stone. "And this was the museum." A marble memorial tablet still hung precariously to a ruined wall. Wjechowski read out the inscription, "Here lived and worked Frédéric Chopin." The Germans pulled down the Chopin monument as long ago as 1942. The people of Warsaw commented, "They are afraid in case Chopin plays them a funeral march!"

We walked through Nowy Swiat, Warecha Street, Napoleon Square—everywhere the same gruesome spectacle. The sixteen-storey general post office, the tallest building in Warsaw, was in ruins. The main railway station, the Sejm building, the Polish Theatre, were wrecked, the university was burned, the cathedral blasted, everything that was dear to the people of Poland, everything they had taken pride in and preserved through the centuries—everything defiled and ruined.

Tragic Note in a Bottle

I have seen heartbreaking things in the streets of Warsaw. A girl standing in front of what had been a house in Szpitalna Street. Her name was Eva Gutkowska. On the eve of the uprising, they told me, she had gone to stay with relatives in a village outside Warsaw, leaving behind her father, mother, two sisters and a brother. When she wanted to return home, the Germans would not allow her. Now she had returned to her home. What did she find?

WARSAW'S PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, formerly Belvedere Castle, destroyed by the Nazis. The city's most beautiful monuments, including the Unknown Soldier's tomb and the Chopin memorial, were razed to the ground.

She found a heap of rubble, and in the midst of it a rough cross made from a packing case, with the inscription, "Five people are buried here." She began to tear at the rubble with her hands, until some Polish soldiers gently stopped her. They found a bottle hidden near the cross with this note inside, "The Gutkowski family died here in a bomb explosion." Then followed their names.

On the wall of a burned house someone had chalked, in Polish: "We will restore you, our native Warsaw." Under this is the inscription, "Stalin will help us."

On this Tiny Island of Peleliu 17,000 Died

The weird story of Peleliu got lost in the excitement of our landing in the Philippines, but the island saw the toughest fighting of the Pacific war. The Americans, who landed on Sept. 14, 1944, so far have killed 16,000 Japanese there and lost 1,600 dead themselves. Henry Keys, The Sunday Express war reporter in the Pacific, tells what he saw there.

I HAVE just visited an island of death—Peleliu, in the Palaus. Its age hangs over it like the brooding evil of senile corruption. It is a little island only five miles long by two miles wide. From the air it looks as if it had been hung on the blue sea like a discarded jockey's cap, the ledge on which the Marines landed representing the visor and the remainder the crumpled crown.

The landing was savage enough, made over a narrow reef ringing the shoreline like a necklace, a verdant coconut palm estate spewing death and impaling flaming tanks on the reef. Now the dazzlingly white coral shelf is pounded and beaten into a mass of airstrips. But it is back in the crumpled crown of the jockey's cap that the grim fighting took place.

This section is a mass of jagged ridges and escarpments 200 or 300 feet high. It took the Americans a month to inch their way far enough into them to be reasonably sure they would not be flung back into the sea, and another six weeks to break all organized resistance. The fighting is not over yet.

Twelve miles away is Babelthuap, with 25,000 Japanese. Every night some 300 walk across the reefs connecting it, except for two narrow channels which they swim. Each man is a walking arsenal. His object: a swim to an anchored Allied ship or a dump, and destruction by high explosive. Every night some 300 Japanese who ventured to take that walk died.

The island's commander, Marine Brigadier-General Harold Campbell, who was for a year the American adviser to Lord Louis Mountbatten in England, drove me over Peleliu. He headed for Bloody Nose Ridge,

IN THE DESOLATE POLISH CAPITAL the Nazis "planted" squads of incendiarists to burn everything left standing after the evacuation. Soviet officers here question a group of these whom they had dragged from hiding. Before quitting, the Germans blew up the power station and destroyed the water supply and the drainage system.

Photos, Pictorial Press, Planet News

which sticks out towards the airfields. Our jeep bounced and twisted over the crazy, inadequate coral trail which the ant-like Japanese had made by hand.

We climbed almost vertically up to the hogsback of the ridge. Then we plunged down the side. The coral kept crumbling and breaking, and the jeep slid crazily down. I shivered as we fell from sunlight to gloom and the silence of the gulch.

We were at the mouth of a big cave, one of Peleliu's thousands, in which the Japanese fought to the death. We went in. There was the dank, heavy smell of a dead Japanese. We were soon able to see the outline of his broken body. Then other things became clearer; this was an old enemy dump. A broken caisson leaned drunkenly, one axle amid the filth of the floor of the vast cavern. There were burst ration cans, shells, shell-cases and a small field piece.

The Silence Was Tomb-like

Everything was wet and rotting. Water dripped from the roof of the cavern, echoing like the tapping of a hammer. "Don't go too far," warned General Campbell; "we haven't had a chance to clean this out yet. There are plenty of booby traps." We drove on into the heart of the ridges. Everywhere there were caves, some high in the faces of the ridges. The entrances to most were jagged little orifices, big enough only for a man to crawl through on his belly. Many were hidden behind rubble and the blackish brown mounds of coral. Whenever the jeep stopped the silence was tomb-like.

"We killed and buried 12,000 Japs in these ridges alone," said Campbell. "It was a terrible job. There was nothing in books to help us, in a country like this. Look at that cave up there." He pointed to a hole 100 feet above us. "We put a 155-mm. rifle back 500 yards and just blasted at that for six days and nights. At the end of that time two Japs came out and crawled round the face of the cliff. But we had men round the shoulder of the ridge who picked them off.

"We kept shooting for another four days and nights, and six more came out cocky as the devil. We got them the same way. The main entrance of that cave was down at the bottom of the ridge, and we sealed it up with a bulldozer."

The general drove on. "I am going to show you the cave where we finished them off." We slid down the other side into ugliness and desolation. The general was cryptic. "Death Valley," he said. Death Valley was not 50 yards wide. The ridges went up sheer on either side, blackened and brown with the dead trunks of trees, amputated by shells and burned by flame-throwers, pointing ruefully to the sky.

Skulls Showed How They Died

In the middle of the valley's floor was a muddy hole. The rest of the floor was a forest of stalagmitic coral needles closely grouped like a vast cluster of pine trees. You could look down between them, as I did, and peer into inky nothingness. There were big bomb craters among them, for the Japs braced themselves against these columns for cover and fought from there. The skulls and skeletons wedged in the crevices showed how they had died.

"The Japs were without water," said Campbell, "and they just had to come over our side, 15 or 30 a night. We killed most who reached that filthy pool. There are still a few Japs hiding in the caves. We kill some now and then."

We took a last look at the ridges. "You wouldn't believe that the whole island and all the ridges were just one green carpet when we came," the general said. "Every foot has been scorched and seared by battle."

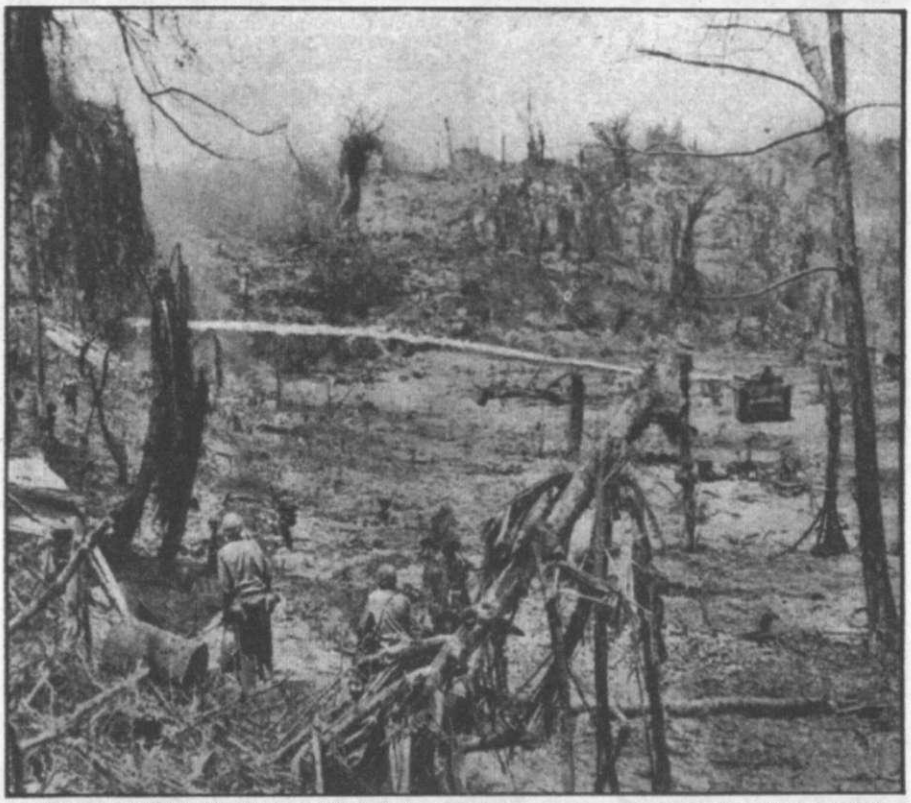
I Kicked My Captor Crashing Down a Hillside

Leaving the rest of his troop just as dusk was falling, to look at a tank which had been in difficulties during a battle the previous day, Capt. Law, a Tank Officer from Canada serving with a famous British cavalry regiment on the Burma front, relates how presence of mind and a ready boot transformed him from a prisoner to a free man.

As I made my way back darkness came on quickly, and before long I realized that the short-cut track I was following was taking me too far from the road. Suddenly, as I crossed a ridge on the way back to the road, I felt something pressed into my back and was aware of a small, aggressive figure behind me. Knowing that some Indian patrols were active in the area that night, I thought the man might be an Indian Sepoy, so I shouted in Urdu, "It's all right, Johnny. I'm a tank man!"

I was certainly surprised when I heard the guy behind me babble in some unknown tongue, and found his weapon—which turned out to be a knife—stuck closer into my back. Then, of course, I knew he was a Japanese. My captor was then joined by another Japanese—a huge fellow who had a rifle and an altogether unpleasant manner. As the pair marched me up the road I realized that they might shoot me as soon as they were clear of our patrolling area. Just as I was formulating some plans for escape, the big man suddenly hissed in a startled way to draw attention to some slight noises coming from the jungle. From that moment both the Japanese were definitely scared, for they seemed to know that our patrols were out in strength.

Reaching some cover, my captors indicated that I must lie low with them on the side of the hill. As one of them left the track, he slipped. I gave him a cracking kick and he went toppling down the hill, but not before he had stabbed me in the hand with his knife. With one Japanese doing involuntary ju-jitsu down the hillside and the other out of view for the moment, I ran for some undergrowth and, avoiding the road where our own patrol might have shot me at sight, made my way through the jungle to a safe hiding-place where I tried to plan how to get back. Taking a bearing on the sound of the British guns shelling a village, and guided by the North Star, I marched through the jungle all night until I met a British patrol making their morning brew of tea.



LAST-DITCH STAND BY THE JAPANESE was being made in a cave on shell-shattered Peleliu (story in this page) when the above photograph was taken. U.S. Marine sharpshooters stand by for the kill as the enemy is assaulted in his lair by the far-reaching, scorching jet of the flame-throwing amphibious tractor on the right. *Photo, New York Times Photos*

When the Earth Was Burning at Mandalay

The most concentrated air attack of the Burma war, in which the load of bombs dropped in ten minutes was as heavy as the biggest London blitz, was made, on Jan. 14, 1945, on Japanese troop concentrations in Mandalay and Sagaing. The bombers were R.A.F. and American Liberators, and with them went News Chronicle special correspondent Stuart Gelder, whose narrative, dispatched from Bengal, is given here.

We were without fighter cover, but derived some comfort from the fact that American Thunderbolts were going in five minutes before our arrival to shoot up flak positions.

We took off from bases in Bengal in brilliant mid-morning weather and flew straight to the Irrawaddy. From 50 miles away thick columns of smoke were rising where the American heavies are attacking Sagaing and R.A.F. Mosquitoes are going in to finish the job. By the time we pass by we have ample evidence that there is not much of the town which is not burning.

Five minutes more and an enormous column of black and white smoke stands out from the flat lands beyond. It hangs stationary. Round its base sudden gusts of flame appear. This is, or was, Mandalay.

Over the outskirts. Hundreds of huge high-explosives are falling in straight lines from the flights ahead. I leave the flight deck and sit on the edge of the bomb-way to watch our load away. Below, through the gaping bay, as I hang on with my hands against the screaming wind, the earth is burning.

We are right over the centre now. My feet are jolted from the steel floor. There is a loud cracking cough in my right ear and a gush of smoke past my head. There is at least one Jap gunner left alive in the flaming city below.

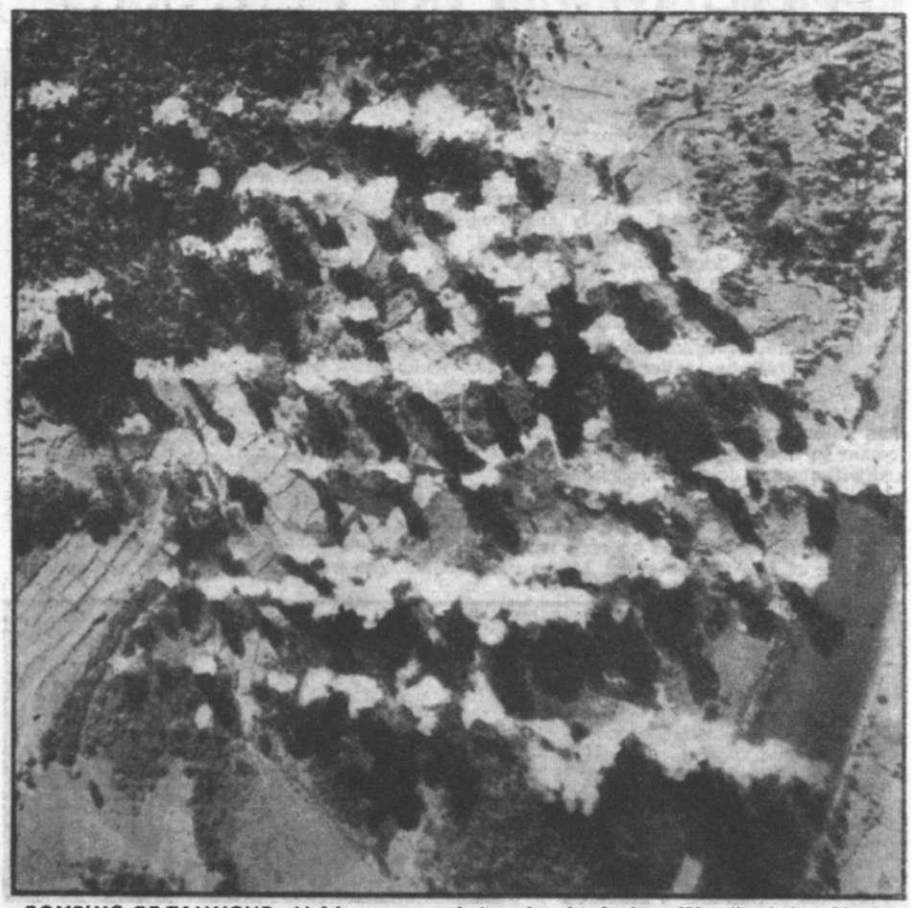
Down They Go In Hundreds

Seven more bursts of flak near our nose. There will be a nice high tea of bacon and eggs and whisky waiting for us at home—or a long, long walk through the hills.

Another jolt and another, but now the cough of flak and roar of engines are lost in a shout through the intercom. Our little lot is away, and from where I am it looks as though the entire bottom of the aircraft has fallen out.

Bombs are raining down in hundreds. They illuminate the smoke with the fierce light of magnesium flares. A piece of cake for us! As we leave, the target is almost completely obscured by smoke and fire, but we can still see the gaol house. We had to miss that one. We hope our men who are prisoners there enjoyed the show.

And this was not only a perfect example of precision bombing. It was an example of the perfect comradeship and co-operation which has grown up between British, Dominion and American flying men.



BOMBING OF TAUNGUP, chief Japanese supply base for the Arakan, 130 miles below Akyab, on December 24, 1944, as seen from a Liberator. R.A.F. and U.S.A.A.F. struck by daylight, dropping 250 tons of high explosives and incendiaries in 25 minutes. This was the most concentrated raid on a single target in Burma up to that date. *Photo, British Official*

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

JANUARY 17, Wednesday *1,964th day*

Western Front.—U.S. troops occupied Vielsalm, west of St. Vith. At night Allied Commando troops attacked Dutch island of Schouwen.

Russian Front.—Warsaw occupied by Zhukov's troops. Czestochowa, in southern Poland, captured by Koniev.

Air.—After night attack by R.A.F. on oil plant at Brux, Czechoslovakia, and Magdeburg, U.S. bombers attacked oil refineries and U-boat yards at Hamburg.

JANUARY 18, Thursday *1,965th day*

Western Front.—First train left with civilians evacuated from German-held St. Nazaire.

Russian Front.—Rokossovsky's troops captured Modlin, N.W. of Warsaw.

General.—Vice-Adm. Sir Harold M. Burrough appointed Allied Naval Commander, Expeditionary Force.

JANUARY 19, Friday *1,966th day*

Western Front.—Germans launched heavier attacks in Northern Alsace, threatening Strasbourg.

Russian Front.—Lodz captured by Zhukov's army, Cracow by Koniev's. New attack launched by Petrov in northern Carpathians.

Far East.—Super-Fortresses from Saipan bombed aircraft works at Akashi, near Kobe, Japan.

JANUARY 20, Saturday *1,967th day*

Western Front.—French 1st Army opened attack against Colmar pocket of 35,000 Germans.

Russian Front.—Tilsit in East Prussia captured by Cherniakhovsky.

Far East.—U.S. carrier-aircraft bombed Japanese shipping off Formosa.

General.—Hungarian Provisional Government signed armistice with Allies.

JANUARY 21, Sunday *1,968th day*

Russian Front.—Koniev's army invaded Silesia on 60-mile front in Breslau direction. Cherniakhovsky captured Gumbinnen in East Prussia. Rokossovsky's troops crossed southern frontier of East Prussia and captured Tannenberg.

Air.—Heavy force of U.S. bombers attacked marshalling yards at Aschaffenburg, Heilbronn and Mannheim. At night R.A.F. bombed Kassel.

Burma.—Allied troops made new landing on Ramree Island, south of Akyab.

Far East.—U.S. carrier-aircraft bombed Ryukyu Islands in strength.

JANUARY 22, Monday *1,969th day*

Western Front.—U.S. 3rd Army occupied Wiltz, east of Bastogne.

Air.—Allied air forces caused great destruction to 3,000 enemy vehicles retreating from Ardennes salient.

Russian Front.—In double advance in East Prussia, Russians captured Allenstein and Insterburg.

Burma.—British and Indian troops entered Monywa, west of Mandalay, without Japanese opposition.

JANUARY 23, Tuesday *1,970th day*

Western Front.—St. Vith, road junction in east of Ardennes salient, captured by Allies. British 2nd Army advancing from Sittard occupied Waldenrath and St. Joost.

Russian Front.—Bromberg (Bydgoszcz) captured by Zhukov's troops. Koniev's army reached the Oder on 37-mile front in Breslau area.

Air.—U.S. bombers attacked railway yards at Neuss. Allied aircraft renewed attacks on bridges and railways leading to V2 sites round Leiden and The Hague.

Far East.—Super-Fortresses bombed Nagoya, Japan.

General.—Commons agreed to compulsory posting of A.T.S. overseas.

JANUARY 24, Wednesday *1,971st day*

Western Front.—British troops entered Heinsberg, west of the Roer.

Russian Front.—In Upper Silesia, Koniev's troops captured Oppeln on the Oder. Zhukov captured Kalisz, between Cracow and Poznan. New Russian offensive in Slovakia.

Far East.—U.S. aircraft bombed Japanese air base on Iwo Jima, Babelthuap in the Palau Islands, and Yap in the Carolines.

JANUARY 25, Thursday *1,972nd day*

Western Front.—Germans launched offensive in Alsace, crossing River Moder west of Haguenau and cutting road to Sarreguemines.

Russian Front.—Gleiwitz, in heart of Upper Silesia industrial region, and railway junctions of Oels and Ostrow captured by Red Army.

Philippines.—U.S. troops captured Clark Field, main air base on Luzon.

JANUARY 26, Friday *1,973rd day*

Western Front.—Ardennes bulge cleared of the enemy. German attacks in Alsace held on river Moder.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops reached Gulf of Danzig, cutting off East Prussia. In Silesia, town of Hindenburg was captured.

Burma.—Royal Marines of East Indies Fleet landed on Cheduba, off Arakan.

Far East.—U.S. aircraft bombed airfield and bridges at Nanking.

JANUARY 27, Saturday *1,974th day*

Russian Front.—In East Prussia, Russian armies broke through Masurian Lakes defence system.

Air.—Allied air forces continued to attack enemy trains and road transport moving east in the Ardennes.

Far East.—Super-Fortresses bombed Tokyo against stiff opposition and also attacked Saigon, Indo-China.

JANUARY 28, Sunday *1,975th day*

Western Front.—U.S. 1st Army launched new attack east of St. Vith. Germans lost bridge head over Moder.

Air.—U.S. 8th Air Force marked third anniversary with 1,000-bomber attack on oil plants in the Ruhr and road and rail bridges over the Rhine. R.A.F. bombed marshalling yards near Cologne and Stuttgart by day and night.

Russian Front.—Capture of Memel by Red Army completed liberation of Lithuania. Katowice and Beuthen in Silesia also captured.

Burma.—First convoy crossed into China by Ledo-Burma Road.

JANUARY 29, Monday *1,976th day*

Western Front.—U.S. 3rd Army troops crossed German frontier north of Luxembourg.

Russian Front.—Zhukov's forces crossed German frontier W. and N.W. of Poznan and invaded Pomerania. In the Carpathians, Petrov's troops captured Nowy Targ.

Air.—Railway marshalling yards and junctions at Hamm, Munster, Coblenz, Kassel and Krefeld heavily attacked by U.S. and R.A.F. bombers. Berlin again bombed by Mosquitoes at night.

Philippines.—U.S. troops made new landing in Luzon, north of Bataan.

JANUARY 30, Tuesday *1,977th day*

Western Front.—Gambsheim, German bridge-head over Rhine north of Strasbourg, re-occupied by Allies.

Sea.—Carrier-aircraft of Royal Navy struck at enemy shipping off Norway.

★ *Flash-backs* ★

1941

January 18. *Dive-bombing attacks on Malta shipping began.*

January 22. *Australians under General Wavell entered Tobruk.*

1942

January 19. *Russians recaptured Mojaisk, on Moscow front.*

January 22. *Japanese landed at Rabaul, New Britain.*

January 25. *Japanese made landing at Lae, New Guinea.*

January 26. *American troops arrived in Northern Ireland.*

1943

January 20. *Lewisham school bombed in day raid on London.*

January 23. *Tripoli entered by General Montgomery's 8th Army.*

January 30. *Russians cleared Maikop oilfields of the enemy.*

1944

January 20. *Novgorod recaptured by Red Army troops.*

January 22. *5th Army troops landed near Nettuno and Anzio.*

January 30. *5th Army troops pierced Gustav Line N. of Cassino.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

ALL the news is dominated by the Russian offensive which began in Poland on January 12 and spread all along the Eastern front from the Lithuanian Baltic coast to Budapest, swiftly engulfing within the battle area East Prussia, Poland, parts of German Silesia, and the Carpatho-Ukraine area of Czechoslovakia. The initial assault by the Red Army was made in weather so bad that the Red Air Force was grounded, and the advance preparation for the surface forces was made by artillery without aircraft support. From this it is possible to draw several inferences ; but they are no more than inferences at the moment, and must remain so until the full facts are historically and without any doubt established.

First is the importance of artillery in the modern surface land action. (The part played by artillery in the opening stages of the battle of El Alamein under Montgomery will be remembered.) Artillery did not have this significance during the German assault in 1940 ; then tanks and aircraft were in the spearhead of the attack. Why has the situation changed ? Probably the explanation is that after five years' experience of modern war, defensive preparations are much more developed than they were when the first B.E.F. was in Belgium in May 1940. Indeed, the B.E.F. can have had the scantiest of cover on the Dyle. Belgium relied on a series of fixed forts, France on a fixed Maginot Line. Today, defences of earthworks, concrete, metal, wire, bunkers and mines are arranged in depth, often to considerable extent, with the object of slowing up an advance.

IT has been demonstrated that there are two ways of smashing these obstructions. One is by massed artillery. The other is by the use of massed heavy bombers. Army co-operation air attacks in which fragmentation bombs are dropped, rocket projectiles, cannon-gun shells, and machine-gun bullets fired, is ideal when the front is on the move, but it does not provide the sheer weight and penetrative power required to effect the first break-through.

It should be remembered that before Rundstedt's counter-offensive on the Western Front there was a call (particularly to the U.S.A.) from General Eisenhower for more shells. There was, apparently, an artillery fire-power shortage. That may explain the comparatively slow and infinitely laborious advance that the Army of Liberation made on the Western Front before Von Rundstedt counter-attacked. (Weather was no doubt another factor ; the Red Army remained static until the ground froze in Poland, whereas on the Western Front, as in 1917, the Allies tried to push on despite most adverse ground conditions.)

ENEMY Communications Congested by Heavy Western Front Bombing

No doubt much of the Red Army artillery success is due to the employment of mobile heavy guns, able to move forward as units on their own tracks as the German defences are reduced and stormed by the infantry. Manpower favours the Red Army. Faced with this mobile form of assault it is probable that the German commanders could have countered the continuous weight of the surface attack only if they had had means to attack and disrupt the Soviet rear area communications and organization. This they could do by one means only—air power, and that means they did not possess. The continuous air offensive waged against the Luftwaffe in the air by British and American fighters and American heavy bombers, the unremitting attacks upon German aircraft factories by British and American bombers, and their attacks against German aircraft grounded on their own aerodromes had so reduced the Luftwaffe that it was a depleted air force that Guderian and Manstein had to deploy against the Russian rear. It has been reported that there were but some 1,000 German aircraft of all types in action upon the Eastern front.

Germany could not withdraw her air force from the West without facing catastrophe because of the overwhelming air superiority of the Allies there. Meanwhile, heavy bombers from the West were devastating the heart of the Reich. On January 19 the German radio stated that Munich, Freiburg and Nuremberg had been completely destroyed. Munich was the first city to receive the R.A.F.'s 12,000-lb. bombs. Oil plants in Silesia and Pomerania were bombed, prior to the opening of the Soviet offensive, by British and American bombers operating from bases in the U.K. and Italy in strategic preparation for the Soviet assault. (The advance air attrition of Rommel's oil was an integral part of the Alexander-Montgomery-Tedder plan of attack in Egypt.)

NO part of Europe now in German occupation lies outside the range of heavy bombers based in Britain and Italy. It would not be possible to drop the concentrations of bombs that fell in Normandy or on the railway system behind Rundstedt's salient, but it is possible for the Western-based Allied heavy bombers to attack whatever German defended urban strongpoint the Red Army Marshals may indicate for reduction from the air. That is important, for the Red Air Force is equipped mainly with light bombers and fighters, the Soviet strategic heavy bomber force being comparatively small.

It is not surprising that there are reports (emanating from enemy and neutral sources) that both Germany and Japan are building ramming aeroplanes. The Japanese rammer is to be used against Super-Fortress bombers attacking Japan. The German version is said to be a jet-plane with an armoured nose.

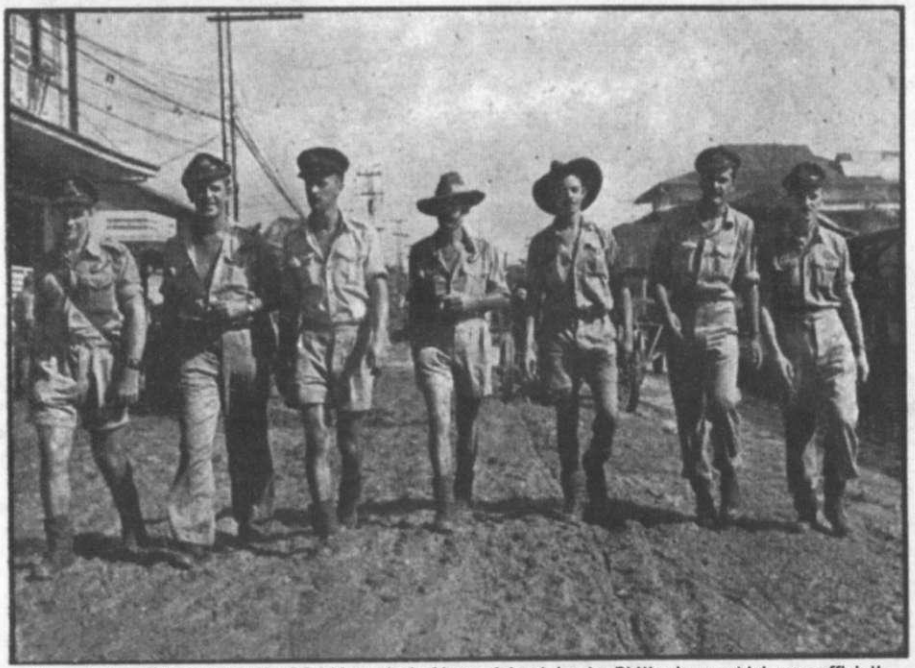
SORELY Depleted Luftwaffe in Action on the Eastern Front

When the weather cleared on the Eastern Front the Red Air Force tactical aircraft swarmed over the battlefields. The enemy reported them to be operating in several thousands. Two thousand were reported operating in aid of the Red Army in one sector alone. The Soviet capture of East Prussian airfields and abandoned German aircraft is important for the continued air offensive.

Meanwhile, British and American air attacks against Germany's oil were made on plants and storage depots in the Ruhr, Merseburg, Munster, Heide, Magdeburg, Derben, Brunswick, Bochum, Recklinghausen, Dresden, Harburg, Brux, Leipzig, Wanne, Eikel, Vienna, Duisburg, and elsewhere. When not engaged against oil targets, the heavy bombers, and at all times the tactical aircraft on the Western Front, have been engaged in congesting enemy communications behind the most active parts of the Western Front. Road and rail vehicles, marshalling yards and railway junctions have been attacked. Berlin has been repeatedly bombed by Mosquitoes at night.

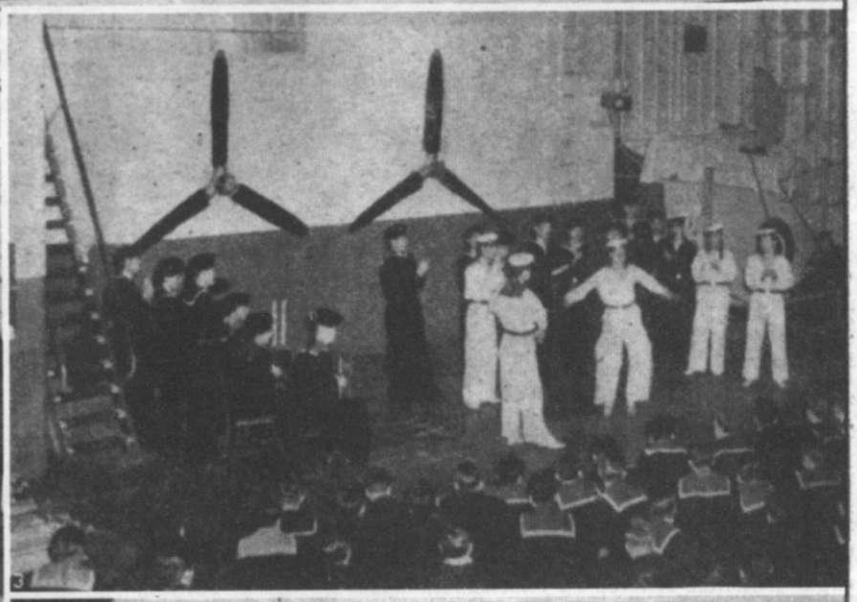
FAR to the north, Norwegian parachute troops have been dropped to sabotage railway bridges carrying the lines running through the valleys between Trondheim and Oslo, thus obstructing reinforcements withdrawing from Norway to the main fighting fronts. One troop train crashed into a ravine, killing, it is believed, about 180 Germans and injuring about 300. Another use of air power was the attack by South African rocket-firing Beaufighters on a hotel (at Cigale Cove, Lussin Island, northern Adriatic, on January 25) which was the living quarters of the crews of German human torpedoes. It was destroyed.

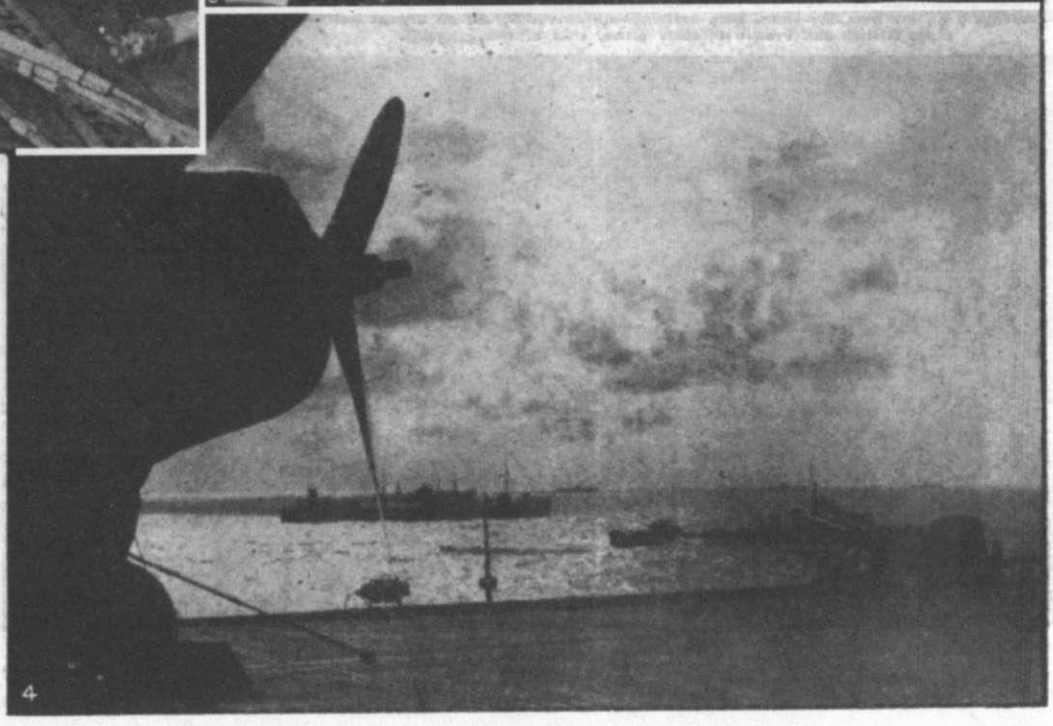
In Luzon the advancing American forces have captured the important Clark Field aircraft runway. Seizure of this airfield should give them full tactical air control over Manila, the Philippines capital. Tokyo and other Japanese targets and Jap-occupied bases in Indo-China have been strategically bombed by Super-Fortresses and carrier-aircraft.



R.A.A.F. OFFICERS AT TACLOBAN, capital of Leyte Island, in the Philippines, which was officially pronounced " mopped-up " on December 26, 1944. During the campaign the R.A.A.F. played an important part in airfield construction. They landed at Mindoro, one of the larger islands, with the U.S. 6th Army and built an airfield while the site was still under fire. *Photo, Australian Official*

Escort-Carrier H.M.S. Fencer in Convoy to Russia





NORTHWARD-BOUND in convoy, continual sweeping of snow from H.M.S. Fencer's flight-deck (1) is needed to keep it serviceable. At a Russian port Soviet naval officers (2) watch operations. Below-decks, in the hangar, sailors of the Red Navy (3) entertain their hosts with a vigorous display of dancing.

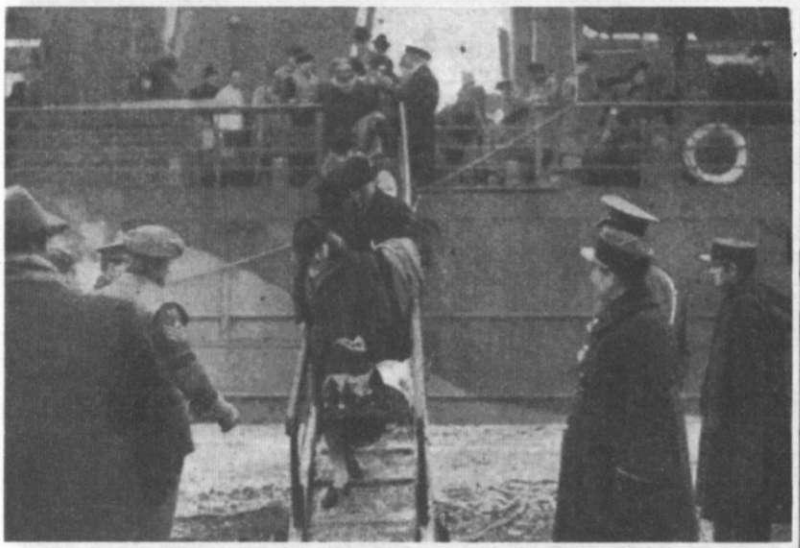
The convoy sails at sundown—a striking study in silhouettes (4) as seen from H.M.S. Fencer, which has added to her laurels by attacking enemy shipping off the Norwegian coast and on the fringe of the Arctic Circle.

For three years British convoys have been running supplies to Russia, and more than 88 per cent of the cargoes have got through. As long ago as May 1944, Mr. Churchill told Parliament that, besides more than £80,000,000-worth of raw materials, foodstuffs, machinery, medical supplies and comforts, well over 5,000 tanks and 6,000 aircraft had reached the U.S.S.R.

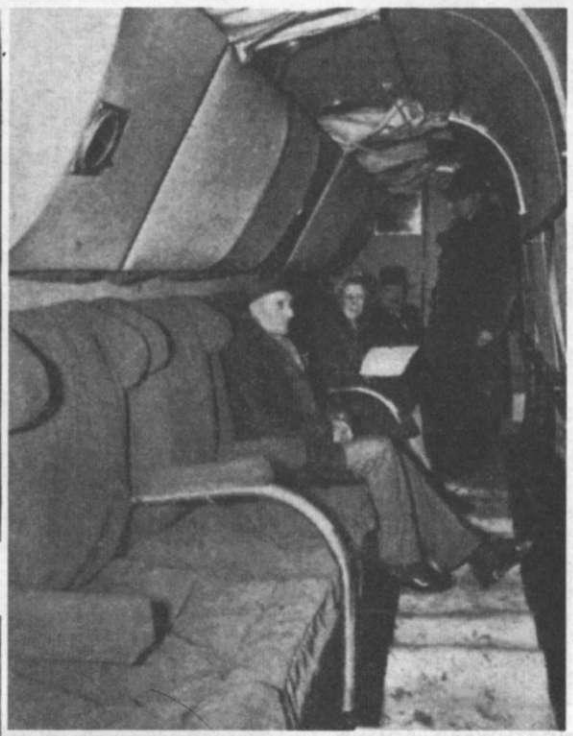
Photos, British Official

By Sea, Land and Air with Our Roving Camera

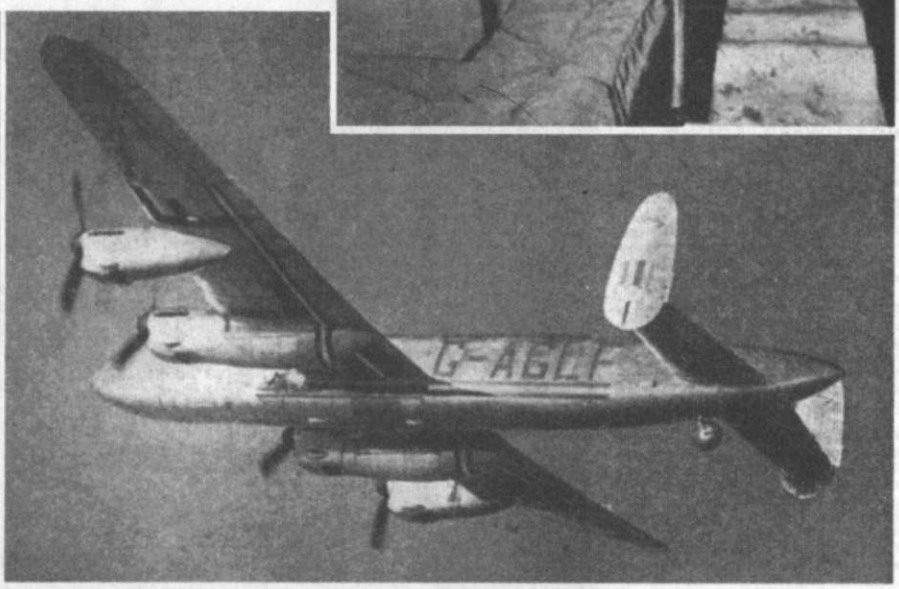
DR. JAMES HALL, of Deal, sailors' emergency surgeon famed far and wide, has turned out many times in blizzard and storm, in response to S O S signals from ships carrying someone in urgent need of medical attention. His log of time spent at sea exceeds 400 hours, his journeyings totalling 1,500 miles. The lifeboat (left) in which on Jan. 18, 1945, he spent four hours in a raging gale.



CROSS-CHANNEL SERVICE TO FRANCE reopened on Jan. 16, 1945, after 4½ years. Passengers on the first day—here seen arriving—numbered 80, all on urgent business. Note British and French soldiers either side of the gangway.



COALMAN IN KHAKI is Pte. C. Eggleston, of Bristol, one of hundreds of soldiers who helped London merchants to "deliver the goods" to fuelless houses during Jan. 1945. PAGE 638



THE LANCASTRIAN, civil version of the Lancaster bomber, is a fast long-range luxury air-liner to be used when the England-Australia service, via India, is resumed. It carries nine passengers besides freight or mail; range, 4,150 miles, cruising speed, 265 m.p.h. The passengers' cabin (centre right).

Photos, Daily Sketch, Fox, British Newspaper Pool, News Chronicle, Barratt's

Editor's Postscript

HAVE you ever noticed that people who are loud in their professions of patriotism, genuine professions too, refuse to alter their habits and methods of business to meet a national need? Here is a case that has come under my notice. A brewery sends out to customers who order beer, first, an invoice to acknowledge the order and say it will be carried out. With the beer is sent a large sheet in duplicate to record the delivery. Then arrives a bill which, like the other documents, is far larger than it need be. Sheer waste of large quantities of paper that are urgently required for munitions! The head of the brewery is a man who loves his country and would make sacrifices for it; but he cannot bring himself to alter the ways of his office in order to save paper. The same shrinking from change even in such small matters makes some people continue to write their letters on double sheets of note-paper when one sheet would be quite enough. And I know at least one man who will not use envelopes that have been through the post. "Never done such a thing," he mutters. "Not going to begin now."

ANOTHER matter in which change is disliked and even bitterly resented is that of dress. Men who have stuck to the bowler hat are furious because this style of head-gear has almost disappeared from the hatters' shops. They look at the soft felts, which are offered to them, with disgust almost as great as that which used to be felt for these when they first came in. I remember wearing one in the early nineties, when they were a novelty, and being chaffed or abused by all my friends for having taken to what they called a "photographer's hat." But before long King Edward VII was wearing one during his trips to Marienbad and even in the country at home—though not, of course, in London. Soon they became the usual wear for the majority, in Town as well as out of it. By this time the top-hat, essential at one time as a mark of respectability, was disappearing. Neither it nor the bowler could compare in comfort with the Homburg or Trilby, and in my opinion that has a far better appearance as well.

WILL the Riviera ever be again what it was in its most prosperous days, when all its huge luxury hotels were built and vast sums of money were taken and left there by visitors from all lands, especially Britain? I am prompted to ask the question because I see it announced that the Promenade des Anglais at Nice is to be rebuilt after being destroyed by the Germans. That was one of the most famous esplanades in the world, four miles long and planted with palms and other semi-tropical trees and shrubs. I have many pleasant recollections of walking along it in hot sunshine at a time of year when London was miserably cold and foggy. But for some years the attractions of the Riviera had been diminishing. It cultivated a summer season for a time, which helped it along. But it is doubtful whether it can again become the playground of the rich—for there may not be any!

WHILE I was having my hair cut, I had my attention called by the barber to a naval officer a few chairs away who had a bushy black beard. The barber shook his head disapprovingly. He recalled the trimness and smartness of naval beards in his young days—he called them "torpedo beards." Half as many wore them, he said, as went clean shaven. I can recollect the time when most admirals were bearded and they certainly did not look as wild and woolly as the naval officers of today who have cheeks and chin covered by hair. "Makes 'em look older, too," the barber said. I'm not so sure about that; Bernard Shaw with a beard in his twenties was the youngest-looking thing ever, I have heard. But it is a natural view for hairdressers to take. Why should they encourage what a wit of my acquaintance, named Frank Richardson, a generation ago used to call "face fungus"? He gained quite a reputation by making fun of beards and whiskers and there was, some said, a movement among barbers to put up a statue of him in Air Street. He certainly did them a good turn.

WHEN the scholarly young man in the club library asked me "How many ounces in an hour?" I must confess I thought he was conundrumming and felt tempted to repiy with the old teaser: "Why is a mouse when it spins?" There was something in the question after all, however, for he pointed to a footnote in a new edition of the anonymous 14th-century English classic, The Cloud of Unknowing, which he was studying. Here it is—an unbeatable example of the tortuous and fantastical methods of calculation employed (though not often, I hope) by our medieval forebears:

> A point is the fourth part of an hour; a moment is the tenth part of a point; an ounce is the twelfth part of a moment; and an atom is the forty-seventh part of an ounce. So that in one hour there are four points, forty moments, 480 ounces, and 22,560 atoms.

As the Scot might put it—Whaur's your Albert Einstein noo?

FEW men who had held various important Cabinet offices can have had the truth told about them when they died, so frankly and pitilessly as it was told about Gerald Balfour the other day. Brother to the more famous Arthur, who finished up as an earl, he was put at the head of several departments of State and failed in all of them. He belonged to the clique known as the Hotel Cecil, headed by Lord Salisbury, whose nephew he was, so his failures were not chalked up against him. Had he died thirty years ago, they would have been glossed over by the newspapers. But he seemed to be so completely a figure of the past that for once the incompetence of a once-prominent "statesman" was laid bare. It is a good thing that this should be done every now and then. It would cure the masses of the delusion that Cabinet Ministers are of necessity supermen.

Mr. HAROLD C. EMMERSON appointed Director-General of Man-Power at the Ministry of Labour to implement the Government's call-up of 250,000 more men for the Services (announced on December 23, 1944). He succeeded Sir Godfrey Ince.

Photo, Barratts

ALTHOUGH I make a point of closely following the deliberations of the House, it was a paragraph in an evening paper which drew my attention to the fact that the Requisitioned Land and Works Bill, of which I had not heard, was soon to have its second reading. I have not seen the text of the Bill, but it deals, my paper tells me, with common land taken over early in the war for camps, hutments, balloon sites, and so forth. The land (most of it used in peacetime for recreation purposes) would, in the ordinary course of events, have been restored after the war, but the Bill plans to give the Government the "choice of restoring it or disposing of it if restoration proves expensive." Chief opponent of the measure is that sturdy champion of hikers and campers, Sir Lawrence Chubb, who, besides being a successful London business man, is Secretary to the awkwardly named Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society. He is now rounding up M.P.s. to denounce the Bill, which he himself has described as "a scandal." I am told that it would take less than £1,500,000 to make the requisitioned sites suitable for their peacetime purposes and thus save them from the speculative builder—by modern standards of Government spending a miserly sum which would barely cover the cost of a single all-out artillery barrage on the Western Front. It is obvious that some cheese-paring official in Whitehall feels that by means of the Bill he may enhance his reputation as an "economist," and that that's all there is to it. That it should have survived its first reading, however, is just a little disturbing in these days when the rights of the Little Man are being trumpeted from every political platform.

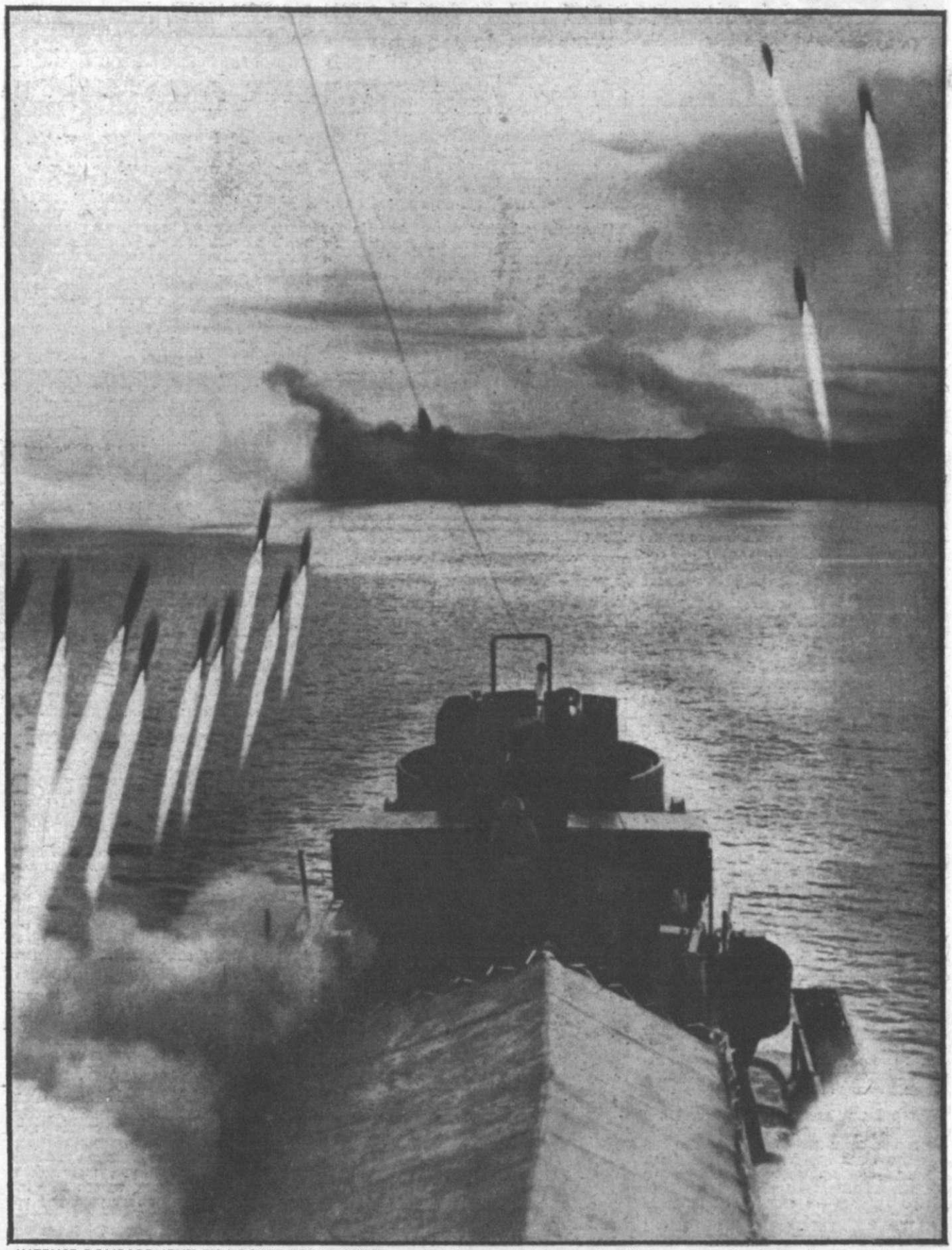
FEW recent items of war news have given me such pleasure as this which comes from David Woodward, Manchester Guardian correspondent with the 21st Army Group, and, as far as I know, has not appeared elsewhere:

> Vast stocks of maps for the invasion of Germany have been printed by the Royal Engineers' survey companies on the backs of maps originally prepared by the Germans for the invasion of England.

It will be recalled that when Brussels was liberated depots containing millions of these maps fell into our hands. If ever there was a case of Time's whirligig bringing its revenges—here, surely, it is. Historians, please copy!

TWICE in the past few days social observers have given me accounts—and conflicting ones at that—of what is going on in the queueing world. According to one informant, housewives are getting even more fun out of queueing than they did in far away 1940 before rasher-and-egg had joined the aloof company of truffles and peacock-pie in the gastronome's Calendar of Succulent Rareties. Informant No. 2, boldly contradictory, declares that another twelve months of queueing and the housewives of Britain will be in danger of nervous collapse, suggesting in semi-seriousness that any woman who has queued consistently for four years and upwards should be awarded a Government decoration. (The Q. Cross?) From my own somewhat restricted observations on the matter I am inclined to deprecate both these theories. Like poets, bridge-players and cross-word puzzlers, queuers, I suggest, are born and not made.

Rocket-Showers Shatter Mindoro Defences



INTENSE BOMBARDMENT BY ROCKET-FIRING CRAFT preceded the successful storming by U.S. troops under Gen. Walter Kreuger of Japanese-held Mindoro, one of the larger Philippine islands (see map, page 629) on December 15, 1944. Of this operation General MacArthur said, "It will enable us to dominate sea and air routes which reach to the China coast." Mindoro is 75 miles south of Manila, capital of Luzon, on which landings were made three weeks later. See also illus. in page 358.

Photo, New York Times Photos

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